

Life

ALIBI
CONTEST
SEE PAGE II

JULY 7, 1927
PRICE 15 CENTS



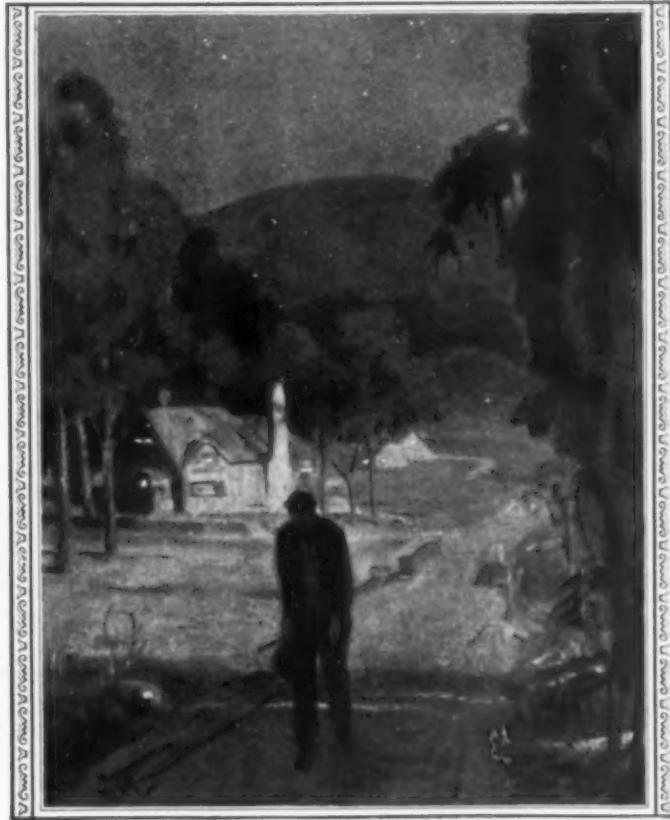
PULLING FOR HIM



80 miles and more an hour with effortless facility; 92 horsepower under control so perfect as to secure instant response to every slightest driving requirement; an ease of riding that makes motoring comfort take on a new meaning—these are the obvious reasons why the Imperial "80" is preferred by connoisseurs and characterized "as fine as money can build". Ten body styles priced from \$2495 to \$3995, f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Chrysler Imperial "80"

The revolver is an effective instrument in the promotion of law and order. It is an invaluable factor in the conservation of life and property and creates a feeling of security



PROTECTION

OUTSIDE . . . a solitary prowler fading into the shadows of the night. Dim of outline, unrecognizable of feature. Possibly only a pathetic derrick; perhaps a surly tramp. Or perhaps—either this one or the next to tread silently through the starlit night—a vicious felon with a crime record as black as the enveloping gloom. What matters one more outrage?

INSIDE . . . a Home; and all that tenderest of words implies. Happiness. Peace. Contentment. The final realization of all a law-abiding family has struggled for, dreamed of, built up with tears and laughter through the years of patient toil.

The home of your heart's desire may be isolated on a distant lane. Or snugly set in a hamlet. Or clustered among many in the teeming city.

But . . . the law can only help you protect your own when the law is close at hand. In dire distress—before there is time to summon aid—a means of *immediate* protection is needed.

1. *The revolver has a place in the hands of the law-abiding public.*

2. *A thug would rather attack an unarmed pedestrian, motorist or householder than an armed one.*

3. *To prohibit the manufacture and sale of revolvers in order to prevent crime would be equivalent to prohibiting the manufacture and sale of automobiles to put an end to automobile accidents.*

4. *The use of a revolver or any form of concealed weapon in committing a crime should demand an increased sentence, with no possibility of probation or suspended sentence.*

5. *A swift, sure punishment for crime is the only proper means for reducing crime.*

6. *The 2nd Amendment to the Constitution of the United States means just what it says: "The right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."*

That is why we are proud of the high traditions of public service that have been handed down from generation to generation in this Company. In times of national danger it has enabled us to do our part in protecting the Nation as a whole, and in times of peace it has enabled us to protect the individual.

Keep the means of immediate protection within your reach . . . the safest, most dependable revolver for home defense. Smith & Wesson originated the safety idea in firearms over forty years ago. The 32 and 38 caliber S & W Safety make accidental discharge by adult or child impossible.

Our Descriptive Booklet H may interest you—if will be sent free upon request.

SMITH & WESSON
SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U. S. A.
THE · REVOLVER MANUFACTURER



{ Send 5c (coin or stamps) to cover mailing costs for beautifully illustrated, helpful book: *How to Care for Flowers*. Society of American Florists, 247 Park Ave., New York City.

There are no flowers in Mother's garden as sweet as those you send. You can always wire her bright blossoms—a service instituted by the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association which sends flowers to all parts of the world.

Say it with flowers

Rhymed Reviews

Read 'Em and Weep

By Sigmund Spaeth. Doubleday, Page & Co.

THOSE dear old tunes, I knew them well,
As Hamlet once remarked of Yorick;
I read 'em, and I weep to tell
The world that I am prehistoric.

My forbears taught me "Not for Joe"
And "Shoo Fly";—though my soul regrets them,
So ancient are the chants I know
That even Sigmund Spaeth forgets them.

"The Wee Pig's Tail" I seek in vain
In our compiler's tuneful salad,
And where's "Whoa, Emma!"—
plaintive strain,
And "Captain Jinks," that martial ballad?

No matter; Dr. Spaeth atones
By setting down in proper places
"The Fatal Wedding," "Casey Jones,"
"The Lone Fish-Ball" and "Camp-town Races."

What lays of lyrists laurel-crowned
We've caroled through uncounted seasons,
What songs of babies lost and found,
Of fractured hearts and lovers' treasons!

We've sung of foaming mugs of beer,
Of rivers bright and woodlands bosky;
We've wailed, "If Jack Were Only Here!"
We've bellowed, "Throw Him Down, McCloskey!"

What folk songs, coon songs, city songs
We've vocalized with one another,
What doleful tales of maidens' wrongs,
What melting chords of home and mother!

While murmuring lips and tear-dimmed eyes
Review a century of singing,
I wonder what we'll harmonize
This year to set the welkin ringing.

Arthur Guiterman.

Out Our Way

EVERY pleasant evening one of the unlubricated porch swings in this neighborhood says, as plainly as if in so many words, at intervals of about one minute: "Now you stop!"—*Ohio State Journal*.

SOMETIMES a fool and his motor are soon started.—*Toronto Telegram*.



"Boy, it certainly is hot! I hope your tires will stand it; I'm not hankering to do any changing in this sun."
"You won't have to—these are Kelly-Springfields."

DONALD SENTER

Under the grinding heel of man, hosiery gets its severest testing. This long-mileage silk sock is extra "long" on style and good looks.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

M I L W A U K E E

Life

31
2731
D



Customs Inspector: PARDON ME, BUT ARE THESE YOUR KNICKERS?
Miriam: NO; THEY'RE TEDDIES.

Show Business Hits the Courts of Law

AT this court house beginning next Monday

GINNSBERG VS. O'TOOLE

A mirthquake of laughter, A riot of clean Irish-Hebrew fun. You'll snicker, chuckle, laugh and roar at this side-splitting trial: Ginsberg suing O'Toole for assault and battery.

The very thought makes you howl. Beginning next Monday with Moe Ginsberg, Danny O'Toole, Judge Zipser and an all-star supporting cast.

No advance in prices.

Also, select murder and divorce trials.

Remember our policy:

The best show for the least money.

* * *

FOR three days only beginning next Thursday

JONES VS. JONES

Oo lala! Whoops! Sshhh!

You ain't seen nothing

Till you see this delicious, naughty but nice divorce trial, Featuring Doris Jones, Jim Jones, Rubye LaRue, Judge Glontz and others.

You'll love it, you'll adore it, you'll eat it up.

Pajama parties, gin, night clubs, limousines, love and lingerie!

It's naughty but it's nonchalant— Come and bring the children.



A Humane Invention
BULL FIDDLE WITH RUMBLE SEAT FOR FLAT-FOOTED BULL FIDDLERS.

SPECIAL, magnificent, extraordinary super-feature coming soon STATE VS. BUTCH BURKE You'll be chilled, thrilled, horrified, terrified, hypnotized

By this daring, dauntless, dapper, divine sledgehammer murderer. He's dangerous but he's different. The greatest cast ever assembled in one courtroom: Butch Burke, Buddy Hamlin, the fighting District Attorney, Judge Smith and more than a hundred newspaper reporters.

The treat you've been anxiously waiting for.

Positively no advance in prices.

Remember and tell your friends: The biggest, the best, the most sensational trials

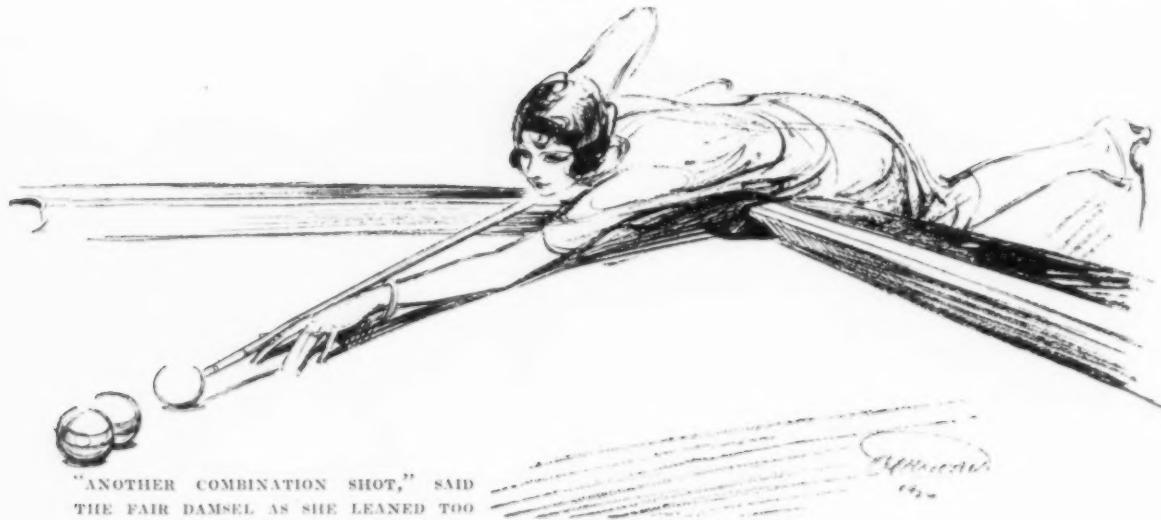
Always at this courthouse.

Robert Lord.

A Word to the Wise

BASEBALL COACH (to college team): Now remember, fellows—go into this game to win for Old Backwash; to uphold her ideals, her athletic traditions, her standards of sportsmanship. Give of your best, fight your hardest, but do it like amateurs and gentlemen! And don't forget—they'll be a Cincinnati scout watching you.

Life



"ANOTHER COMBINATION SHOT," SAID THE FAIR DAMSEL AS SHE LEANED TOO FAR OVER THE POOL TABLE.

Give Him Practical Help

("Every effort will be made to free the President's mind from worry during his vacation,"—*News item.*)

EARLY in July, Secretary Sanders will tell the President that he has word from Washington that



The Rest Cure

She: FREDDIE HASN'T BEEN OUT A NIGHT NOR TAKEN A DRINK FOR THREE WEEKS.

He: TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF?
She: NO, HE TURNED OVER A NEW CAR.

the gas was not left burning under the water heater.

A friend of the family will drop Mr. Coolidge a card saying that she called up the milk company just to make sure that the bottle for the temporary White House had been stopped until September.

Mr. Stearns will casually mention

that he discontinued the Coolidges' morning paper the day they left Washington.

A maid will be instructed to remark two or three times during the summer that she herself fastened the downstairs windows and turned the porch chairs up.

Mrs. Coolidge will coöperate by relating an incident of departure in which she suddenly remembered the basement light and went to turn it off.

McC. H.

Art Has Its Uses

THE art dealer carried his bulky bundle into the sanctum of his client, and reverently unwrapped it. Beaming, he displayed his treasure.

"The Medici Venus, sir. A life-size replica of the famous original. See how the ancient sculptor has retained an illusion of vibrant life. Observe the exquisite modeling, the softly flowing curves, the lines that have never been excelled for sheer beauty incarnate...."

His client complied, then called to a pimply lad near by:

"Hey, Looie, when ya finish sweepin' the store, put some gold paint on this and stick it in the window to demonstrate our elastic belts."

Ned Hilton.

Pitiable

JONES: What'd that snappy salesman sell you this morning?

SMITH: A book on how to cultivate sales resistance.

Just Out of Long Skirts

SHE'S an unsophisticated little thing, isn't she?"

"Innocent as a May blossom. Only yesterday she assured me the liquor in her flask was twenty years old—it said so on the label."

PROFICIENCY—a degree of skill never attained in less than ten easy lessons.



If Men Shopped as Women Do

Customer (pinching his way through various boxes of cigars): ARE THESE THE VERY BEST FIVE-CENT CIGARS YOU'VE GOT?

Ballade of Surfeit

BOOKS and more books and more books and more books!

Books by the carload and books by the ton!
Books about parsons and books about crooks!

Books about everything under the sun!

My! ain't the publishing business got fun!
Piling up printings—firsts, seconds and thirds;
Fourth, fifths and sixths—will they never be done?

Oh! for a glade in this forest of words!

Autobiographies of colonels and cooks.

Novels of morals and novels of none.
Travels in Tooting. By Bloomsbury's Brooks.
Hunting Wild Pig with a Sixteen-Inch Gun.
Histories. Mysteries. Love stories spun
Out to a climax of sugar and curds....

Lost in the wilderness! Nowhere to run!
Oh! for a glade in this forest of words!

"Makes pleasant reading for summery nooks."
"...gave me a mild intellectual bun."
Thus they're hung up on the critical hooks;
Blessed now and then by a columnist's pun.
"Terrible." "Brilliant!" "Grand!" "Feeble!"
"A1."

Sollamass praises and Pannemaul girds.
"Scintillant." "Clever!" "Its power will
stun."
Ooooooooh! for a glade in this forest of words!

L'ENVOI

Publishers! Critics! Henceforward I'm un-
Bendingly earless to all of you birds!
Books (till mine's published) henceforward I
shun.

Oh! for a glade in this forest of words!
Edward Anthony and Baron Ireland.



/NORMAN LYND.

Preliminaries

First Fighter: AW, YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A LOW-DOWN FILTHY BUM.

Second Fighter: COME OUTSIDE AND SAY THAT.

Lucky

GET good seats in the movie palace?"

"Rather! We were lucky enough to get a couple within easy walking distance of the entrance."

The Spirit World

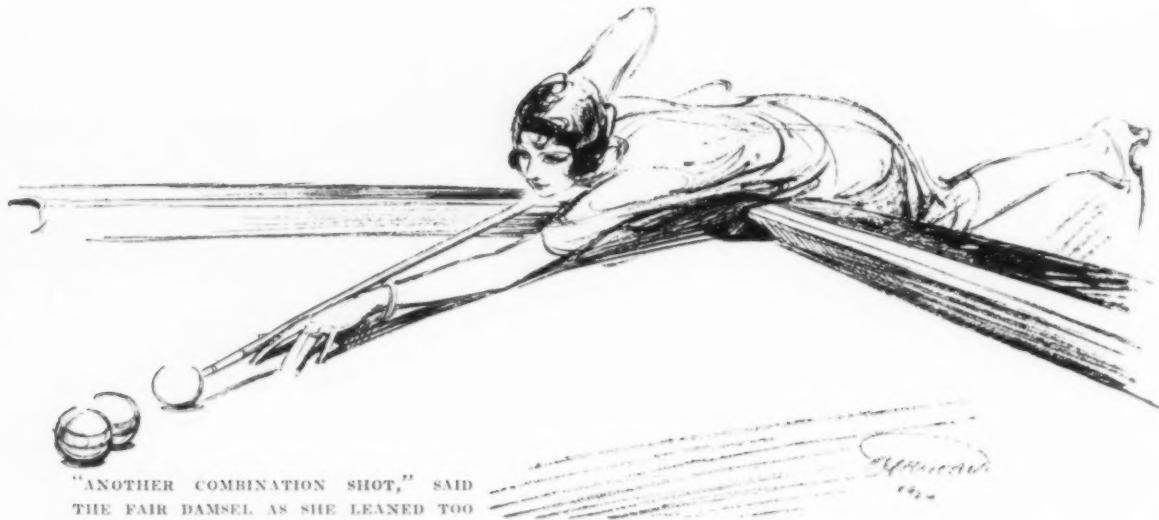
LIFE may be created by artificial means, says Sir Oliver Lodge. Which is what every hostess who ever passed around a cocktail tray at the zero hour of a party knows.



The Marshmallow Nut Kind

Mopsy: WHAT EVER HAS BECOME OF THAT FASCINATING-LOOKING SODA JERKER WHO USED TO WAIT ON US HERE?

Barbara: I CAN'T IMAGINE, MY DEAR—I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN A MONTH OF SUNDAYS!



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Life



Demosthenes (practicing oratory in front of the ocean, as the old story has it):

UNACCUSTOMED AS I AM TO PUBLIC SPEAKING...

Young Greek: G'WAN, TAKE THE PEBBLES OUT OF YOUR MOUTH!

Binneyville Bugle

OWING to an increased attendance of male pupils at the High School this term, Calcia O'Leary, belle of the Junior Class, has issued Vol. 2 of her red slicker. Vol. 1, completely covered with signatures, sketches and slogans, has been filed away in her ma's attic.

* * *

A man selling fake oil stock was run out of town yesterday by Constable Whiddy. The fellow was headed East. New York papers please copy, so as to warn their readers.

* * *

Bob Pemberthy is still suffering from exposure incidental to his experience at the fire which destroyed the Parisian Pants-Pressing Parlors Saturday afternoon. Bob was in a "While-You-Wait" booth when the conflagration and he started.

* * *

The trial of Mrs. Bryden, charged with murdering her husband, has been postponed one week, as several pairs of flesh-

colored stockings she had ordered from New York have not yet arrived.

* * *

Born Tuesday to Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Bailey, the former the well-

known butcher, a son. It is reported that the offspring weighed twenty-three pounds when his father's store scales were taken up to the house the next day.

* * *

The Historical Society has bought the supply of magazines formerly in the anteroom of Dentist Gibson's offices.

Fred B. Mann.

Doubtful

FIRST CHICAGOAN: What do you think should be our policy in China?

SSECOND CHICAGOAN: I think the life of an American citizen should be just as safe in China as it is here.

A STATEMENT that for the time being New York-to-Paris telephonic conversation is impracticable arouses no surprise. Anybody who has ever tried it knows that a Paris-to-Paris phone call is just about impossible.



Movie Star's Friend: GEE, MAE, THAT'S TOUGH LUCK—YOUR TRIGGER FINGER, TOO!

Morning ~ By Dorothy Parker

NOW look. That's what always happens. Close your eyes for a couple of hours, and they go and have another day on you. Haven't they had enough? Look at it—all sunny and everything. That's a fine thing, to wake up and see a lot of sunshine. Take me, they couldn't send too many rainy days to please me. I'm a fool for rain. They know that. That's why it's sunny.

And there's that tree again. Green as a fool. If there's anything I hate the sight of in the morning, it's a tree. I wouldn't give you a nickel for the Black Forest, before lunch. "I think that I shall never see a poem lovely as a tree"—oh, is that so? Well, you just ought to have to see this boy, every morning of your life. That tree ought to be cut down; it's an eyesore, that tree is. I'm going to do something about that tree. Write to the Department of Plant and Structures, or something. Why isn't it *Plants and Structures*? What are they trying to do, drive a person crazy? All right, just for that, I won't write to them. That tree can stand there till it's struck by lightning, for all I care. I'll show them. I'm not going to worry about any Department of Plant and Structures. A lot any Department of Plant and Structures ever did for me.

God, that makes a person sore, first thing in the morning. Department of Plant and Structures!

WHAT time is it, anyway? Twenty minutes to three, in a pig's eye! That was yesterday. Oh, my watch has stopped. Maybe if I shook it. No, that doesn't do any good. Maybe if I hit it against the bed a little. No, that dents the headboard. Maybe it wants winding. Oh, that's what it wanted, it wanted winding. Oh, all it needed was just a few little winds, and it starts right off. Mother's little soldier, that's what it is. And there I was, shaking the slats out of it, and then socking it against the bed. I'm nothing but a big bully. That's all I am. It's no wonder nobody likes me. I don't see how anybody could. Knocking the tripe out of a poor little watch! Those dents in

the headboard will be a reproach to me all my life. I don't suppose they can ever be fixed. I don't suppose even the Department of Plant and Structures could do anything about them. Ah, the Department of Plant and Structures couldn't do anything about anything!

Honestly, a person hasn't any heart to get up and dress and go out in a city with a Department of Plant and Structures in it. I guess I'll just stay in bed. I guess I'll never get up any more.

YOU could save yourself a terrible lot of trouble, just by never getting out of bed. You'd never have to go to anything like that dinner last night. I knew there was something terrible to remember when I woke up—that dinner last night. I knew my place at the table would be next to a guy like that. I could have told you that, day before yesterday. I always get sat next to some ball of fire that tells me about the folk-songs of old Provence. That's my life. Oh, let him sit next to Mrs. Parker—she won't mind. She's had her day. Seven million people in this city alone, and I draw a guy that has to talk about the folk-songs of old Provence. It never fails. I bet if I sat next to Lindbergh at dinner, he'd tell me about the folk-songs of old Provence. It must be something about me. I must have one of those folk-song faces. The Girl with the Provençal Pan. I'd be better off staying in bed.

Nobody would care if I ever got up again or not. Nobody would even know the difference. I could have died in the night, just as well as not, for all anybody cares. Oh, is Mrs. Parker dead? Well, well, well. Here it is practically the middle of the morning, and not one single soul in this world has called up to find out whether I died in the night. Nobody gives a damn. Not even the Department of Plant and Structures. Yes, and I don't give a damn about the Department of Plant and Structures, either!

IBET that folk-song guy works for the Department of Plant and Structures. I bet the Depart-

ment of Plant and Structures is all full of people sitting around talking about the folk-songs of old Provence, while the city goes to wrack and ruin. That was a terrible guy. I don't suppose he thought I was so good either. A person doesn't have much scope, listening to a lecture on folk-songs. I bet I said, "Oh, they must be simply enchanting!" three hundred and eighty-five times. What else can you say? "Oh, they must be perfectly lousy." You can't say that. You have to have manners. Charm, you have to have. "Oh, they must be simply enchanting." When you can say it without shooting your lunch, it's called civilization. I'm the heiress of the ages. That's what I am.

But that folk-song specialist doesn't know it. He didn't know it was civilization. He thought I was having a good time. Nobody understands me. Nobody tries. I've got depths that will probably never be plumbed. Here I am, all full of depths, and nobody gives a whoop. Not even a guy that works for the Department of Plant and Structures. Anybody that would work for the Department of Plant and Structures couldn't understand anything.

He looked pretty puzzled when I kissed that cab-horse on the way home. I bet he hasn't figured that out yet. I don't care what conclusions he comes to. He and his Department of Plant and Structures! A fine crowd they are.

THAT was a sweet horse, standing there so tired and everything. Pete, his name was. I liked that horse; I like him now. I'd kiss that horse again if I ever saw him. That's the way stories about you get around. Probably it's all over town by now. Oh, did you hear about Mrs. Parker kissing the cab-horse? People that never heard of me and never saw a horse probably know all about it, by this time. I bet by now they're saying I went to Atlantic City with that horse. I don't care. I don't care what they say about me. Only I shouldn't like to have that horse going around thinking he had to marry me.

(Continued on page 32)



"WHY DIDN'T YOU FINISH IN THAT LONG-DISTANCE SWIM?"
"SOME CROOK PUT MUCILAGE IN MY AXLE GREASE."

Is Civilization a Failure?

HELLO. Yep. No, I'm sorry. I don't recognize your voice. No, I haven't time to guess. Oh, well, if you insist: President Coolidge? Joan of Arc? Yes, indeed, I'm really trying but I'm very busy and—who? Spell it, will you? Who? Apthorpe Zipser. Well, what of it? Oh, yes—my cousin in Peoria told you to call me up when you came to town. Well, that's just dandy. Of course I remember you now. We played golf together five years ago when I was—oh, was it tennis? Not five—seven years ago. Well, well. How have you been? That's fine. I'm fine, thanks. How are you? Well, well, well. Now, let's see: I've got a lunch date today and a dinner date to-night and—why not give me a ring the early part of next week? Oh, I see. Well, well. Tell you what to do. Give me a ring this afternoon—no, wait a minute—I'll be out this afternoon. Now, let's see—tell you what we'll do—I'm kind of tied up this week, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc."

Robert Lord.

GUNMETAL FINISH—What you get in Chicago.

Life

"Tell Me All About It"

SHE: Tell me what you've been doing since I saw you last.

HE: Oh, nothing much—I put over a deal the other day, though.

SHE: Did you really? How simply marvelous! Tell me all about it.

HE: Well, I sold a guy the firm's been trying to sell for ages—

SHE: You didn't! Don't you feel terribly encouraged?

HE: Well, it wasn't so much.

SHE: I think it was simply marvelous—tell me all about it.

HE: Well, this guy is sort of a tough proposition and the firm—

SHE: Actually, I don't see how you ever did it!

HE: Well, it wasn't so awfully hard—I—

SHE: I think it was simply marvelous. What sort of a deal was it?

HE: Well, you see, we'd been trying to sell this fellow and—

SHE: Go on—I'm thrilled to death.

HE: So the firm let me call on him and—

SHE: Before I forget it, my dear, can you come to dinner Monday before the McTavishes' dance?

HE: I'd love to.

SHE: Well, I think it's simply marvelous about that deal you put over. Don't you honestly feel terribly encouraged and all?

Lloyd Mayer.



"WHAT SHOULD A POOR PEDESTRIAN DO WHEN HE HEARS ALL THESE AUTO HORNS GOING AT ONCE?"
"HEED 'EM AND LEAP!"

The Passionate Magazine Writer to His Love

Corydon

AH, sweet, the songs I sing to thee
Nor wondrous are nor many.
Phyllis

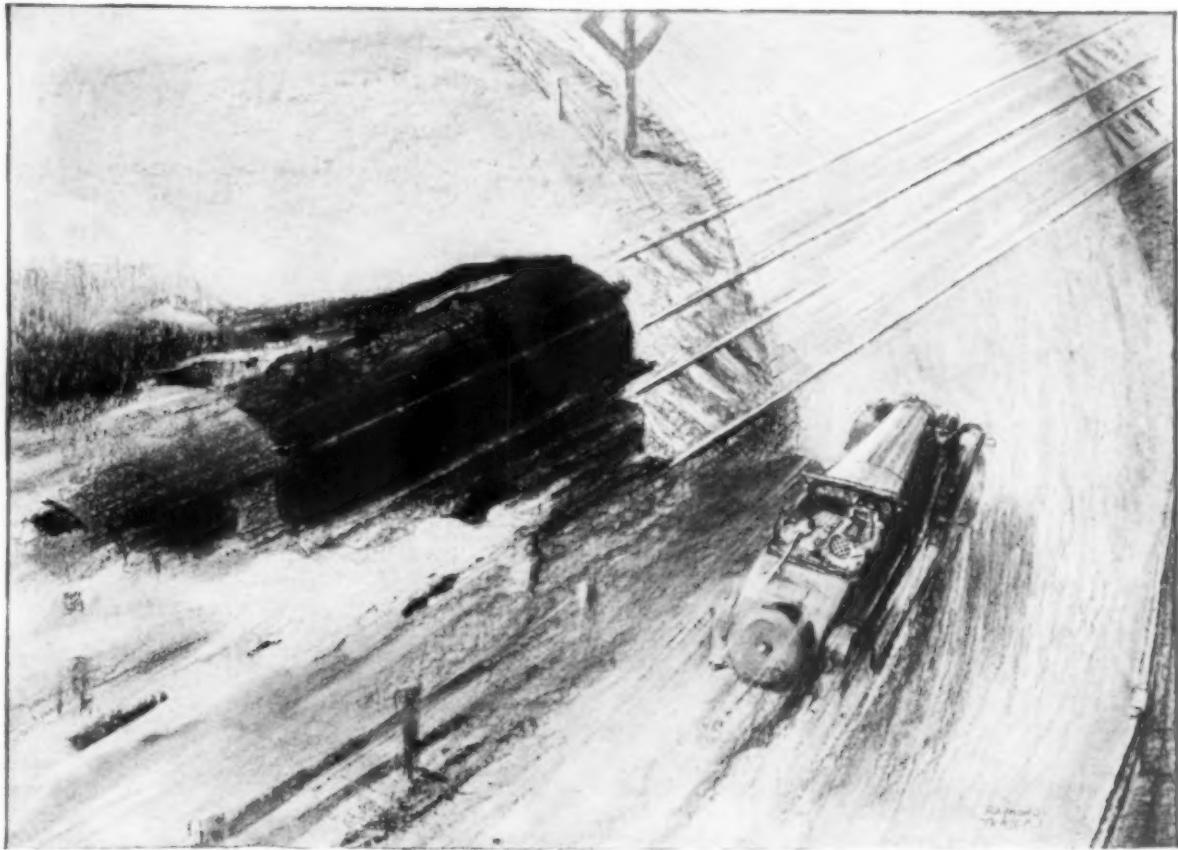
And mind thou getst a weighty fee,
And copst a pretty penny.
Corydon

Dear love, thou hast my brimming heart
Till that I near must die for it.
Phyllis

Ay, sell the magazines thine art,
And soak 'em in the eye for it.
Franklin P. Adams.



Cat: now, do as you're told. Mother knows best.
Kitten: But, Ma, can't I lead at least one of my own lives?



He: PUT OUT YOUR HAND, DARLING.

Educational

I HAVE learned

That a dunning letter beginning "Hello, old Pal!" is no more effective than one beginning with "Sir."

That I was supposed to bring home two pounds of steak on October 17, 1923.

That "pshngog bogghwa 2-6 tkonzlb," or something to that effect, probably was important, for I wrote it on a slip of paper which bore the red Gothic injunction: "DON'T FORGET!"

That my sense of humor has vanished because I see nothing funny in a certain story that I once wrote down for preservation.

That my taxes were in danger of becoming delinquent in 1921.

That my children will benefit by my economy to the extent of several dozen pencil stubs.

That I. Schluker, a bond salesman, once honored me with a visit and left his card.

That it is difficult to discard an empty pint bottle.

That my auto license number in 1922 was 62-89467. That I own seven eyeshades instead of one.

That I used to wear No. 8 shoes, a 32 belt, and size 15 collars.

That I kept a diary for three days in 1924.

That I never throw away pins, broken garters, paper

clips, cigar store coupons, pieces of string, or cards bearing inspirational messages.

That in the fall of 1925 I could have bought "good Scotch" at \$42 a case, or "Very good Scotch" at \$75....

I have been cleaning the "urgent" compartment in my desk.

Gerald Cosgrove.

He'd Been There Before

"JOHN, the paper says the Jenkinses are back from their vacation in Yellowstone Park."

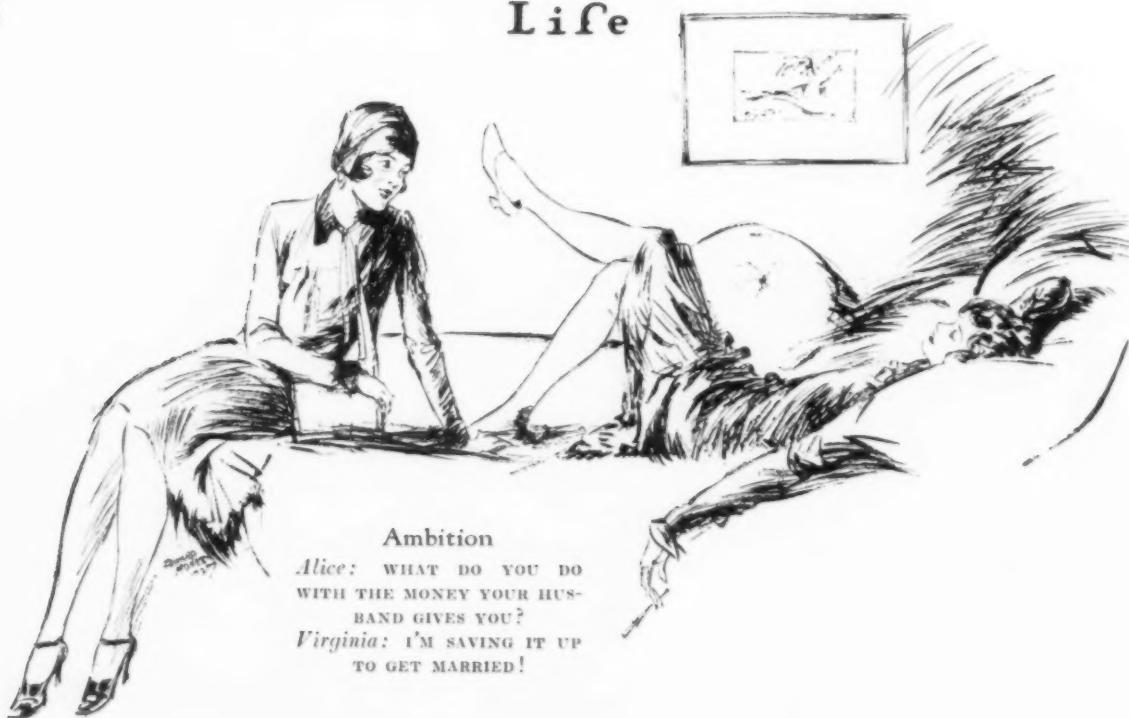
"Well, we'd better hurry right over and see them before they have their moving picture films developed."

STATISTICS state that American women now buy as many silk stockings in a day as were bought in an entire year twenty-five years ago. This is something that may readily be seen.

This Week

THE GREAT ALIBI CONTEST

will be found on page 22.

**Ambition**

Alice: WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THE MONEY YOUR HUSBAND GIVES YOU?
Virginia: I'M SAVING IT UP TO GET MARRIED!

Mrs. Pep's Diary

June 14th I am indeed pleased that the season is again at hand for awnings, which are, methinks, one of life's most delightful accessories, and when I look out at ours, gently flapping in the breeze, I can easily imagine that the Mediterranean lies beyond them, albeit I know well they conceal nought but a firm of music publishers and a wholesale decorating house. The publick prints full of the welcome to Colonel Lindbergh, the pictures successfully refuting half of Sam's affirmation that Mayor Walker would give him the keys to the city and show him his new Norfolk suit, and I could not but wonder what Ludwig of Bavaria's reaction would have been to the crowds, albeit it surely could not be much sport to witness a procession all by oneself. I was minded, too, of what Alfred

Henry Lewis wrote about the American publick to the effect that one-half of it liked to dress up and parade in the street and the other half liked to line up on the kerbstone and watch. To luncheon with

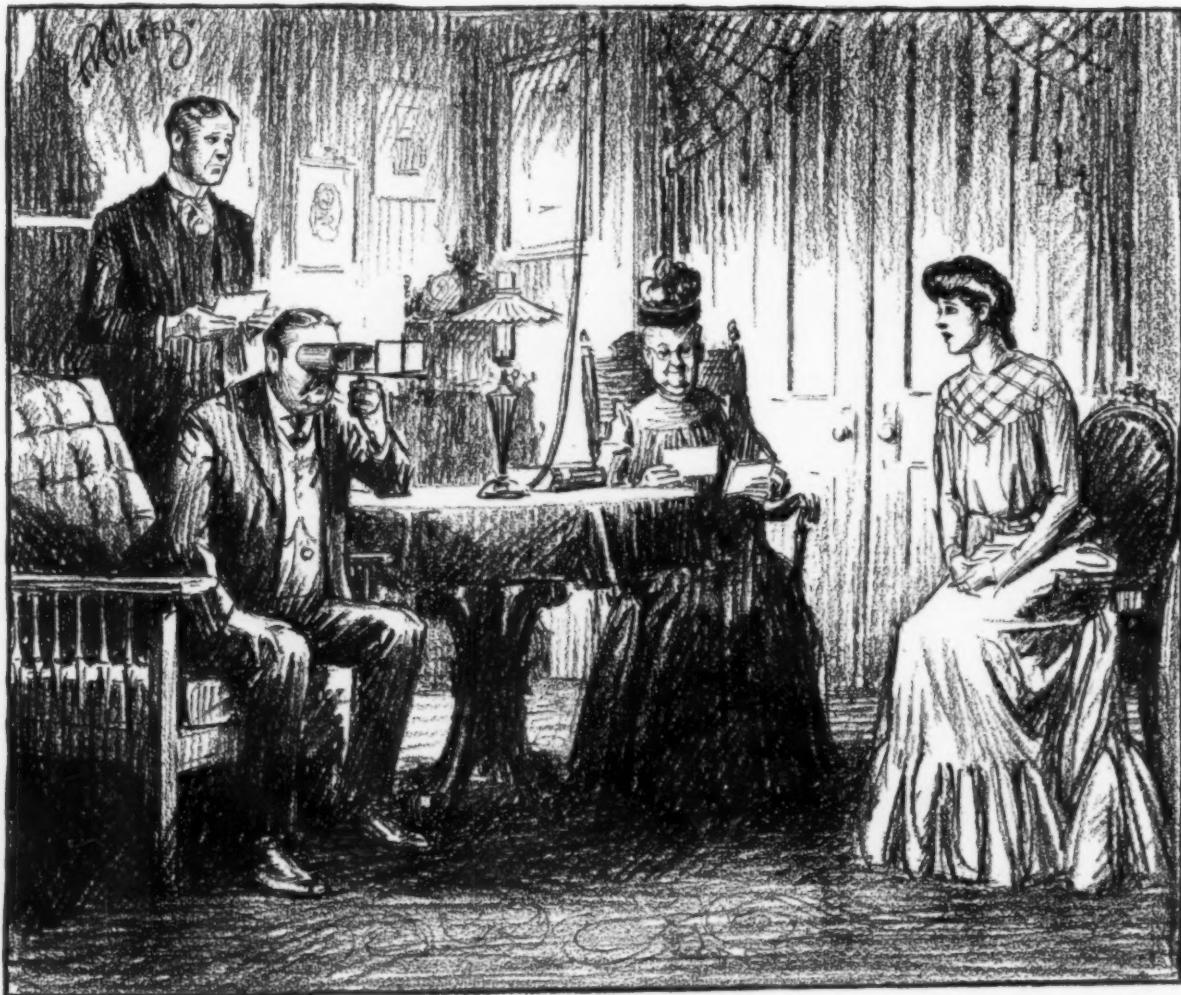
Nell Woodbury, and she tells me that she is becoming restless and does long to set up as a shopkeeper, an ambition with which I have no sympathy soever; for Lord! why women who are properly sheltered and have devoted husbands should want to go out into a world of competitive strife is utterly beyond my comprehension, and the older I do grow, the more am I convinced that woman's happiest lot is to sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam, and I could even leave the fine seam part out of it if I were speaking solely for myself. I did warn Nell, also, that if her plan carried, she need not expect to be received in the future by the Ellsworths, whose boast it is that a divorcee or a woman breadwinner has never yet crossed their threshold, but it did not seem to discourage her. (Continued on page 34)



"DO YOU BELIEVE IN 'NEW THOUGHT'?"
 "OH, NO, I JUST USE THE OLD ONES OVER AND OVER."



"Just a Song at Twilight"



The Gay Nineties

ALTHOUGH POOH-POOHING THE ARCHAIC STEREOSCOPE WITH ITS FLY-SPECKED VIEWS OF POMPEII AND NIAGARA FALLS, THE PROGRESSIVE NINETIES NEVERTHELESS ALWAYS KEPT ONE HANDY TO BRIDGE THE GAP WHEN GUESTS OUTSTAYED THEIR WELCOME AND CONVERSATION BEGAN TO PICK AT THE COVERLID.

Unfair Competition

SCENE: Street corner in Paris, France. A corpulent American citizen, cold cigar and all, is striding along. He is wondering, vaguely, how long a degenerate race like the French may hope to survive. A furtive fellow sidles up, one hand in his coat pocket.

"PARDON, m'sieu'. One moment. I 'ave 'ere something ver' nice, ver' lovely." (Suggestive wink and leer.)

"Whatcha got?"

"Ah-ha, ze picture. Ze photograph of ze so lovely ladies. Come, let me show you. All ze poses. You will be enchant', m'sieu'."

(They move over to a wall for close inspection.)

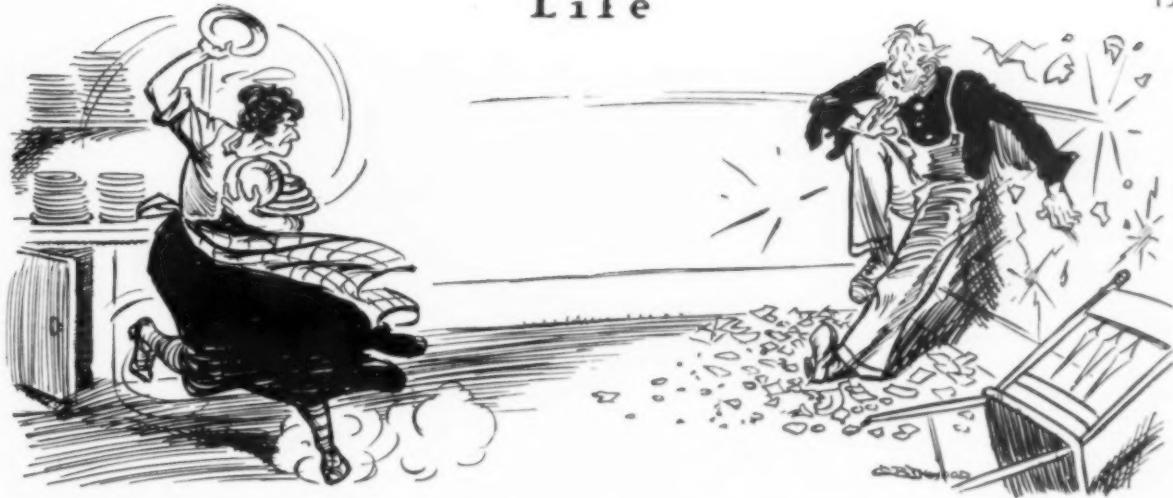
"There, m'sieu', be-a-tiful, n'est-ce pas? Photos d'art, editions nouvelles. And so cheap——"

"Yeh, they ain't so bad, buddy. But whadda I want with them? If you wanna see some real stuff, looka this!" (Reaches into coat pocket; produces tabloid paper.) "How's that, eh? *The Daily Porno-Graphic!* I have it sent over, just to keep in touch with things at home. When you birds get something like that I'll buy it."

"Ah, but m'sieu', that cannot be. The gendarmes—we should all be arrest'." *Stanley Jones.*

Forgiven

"BOOZE was a social and moral outlaw before the Eighteenth Amendment," said Wayne B. Wheeler in his debate with Clarence Darrow. But, now that it has become reinstated socially and morally, we suggest letting bygones be bygones.



*Mr. Perkins: FOR PETE'S SAKE, MARIA, HIT ME WITH ONE, BEFORE YOU BREAK
EVERY DISH IN THE HOUSE!*

The Point of View

(With a Genuflection of Regret to E. L. Gordy)

(Adam tells about it.)

"—Oh, well, I suppose that's what you get for trying to be a gentleman and let the women do the back-seat driving, but next time I take a chance on losing the lease just to be polite I hope somebody crowns me. She asked me to try out her apple preserves and tell her candidly what I thought of them, and said she wanted a frank opinion, and when I told her they weren't like Mother used to—I mean they weren't what I was accustomed to when I was a kid, she kicks up such a big hullabaloo that the neighbors complain and here we are out on the sidewalk sitting on the furniture at a time of year when there isn't anything vacant for love or money, and—"

(Eve tells about it.)

"—Well, I wouldn't marry him again if he was the first man on earth, and I hope he does leave me, because there are just as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it. Gee, I wonder if there isn't a real man somewhere for little me and not a wishy-washy namby-pamby that a woman can wind around her little finger. If he'd only eaten the preserves when I told him to everything would be all right, but, no, he had to stall

around till the juice turned to hard cider and a man who can't hold his liquor oughtn't ever touch a drop, as, goodness knows, I've told him plenty of times, and no wonder all the animals sent word that if we didn't move, they would—"

(The serpent tells about it.)

"WELL, the scheme worked out all right, and it wasn't such a dumb plan, if I do say so as

shouldn't. I'm progressive and believe in modern improvements and all that sort of thing, but this inventing human beings to clutter up a lot of perfectly good jungleland was just plain flying in the face of Providence. After this experience I'm going to put out a sign announcing 'No Homo Sapiens Allowed.'"

Tip Bliss.

A Little Chat with a Polished Man

"WELL, I've just returned from a long trip."

"Really?"

"Yes, I've been all over the West and South."

"Oh, really?"

"They say the West is for Coolidge, but I don't believe it."

"Really?"

"The South is the big question, though."

"Oh, really?"

"Yes, the solid South may split."

"Really?"

"But I learned one thing on my trip, anyway."

"Oh, really?"

"Say, you give me a pain!"

"Really?"

W. W. Scott.

A WOMAN is judged by the company she has just left.



"OOOOH! SOMETHING JUST BIT ME."

"HORRORS! WAS IT A SHARK?"

"I DON'T KNOW—I FORGOT TO ASK."



JULY 7, 1927

VOL. 90. 2331

"While there is Life there's Hope"

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

598 Madison Avenue, New York

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, President

CLAIR MAXWELL, Vice-President

LANGHORNE GIBSON, Secretary and Treasurer

R. E. SHERWOOD, Editor
F. D. CASEY, Art Editor

MR. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, JR., at commencement at Brown University, disclosed opinion that the day of direct endowments to meet the vast sums required by privately supported colleges and universities is reaching an end. He sees, or thinks he does, that these vast benefactions to the cause of education cannot go on indefinitely, and as to that he is probably right. He suggests that instead of having so much education handed out at half cost or much less, or provided by benevolence, students whose parents can afford it should pay the cost of what they get, and deserving students who can't afford it should have money loaned to them.

All that is interesting, and Mr. Rockefeller is an excellent person to put it out, for he and his father have been the greatest givers to education in the country.

There is a vast endowment in the colleges of scholarships for deserving students. That will go on, of course. The proposal to lend money to poor students whom scholarships do not take care of may be well enough, but Mr. Rockefeller suggests that such loans be repaid in the course of ten years. That seems not so good a plan. The earnings of men just out of college run pretty small for the first ten years unless they are exceptionally lucky, and out of them they have to support life, get married and settle to something. One does not like the thought of having them wrestle with a burden of debt in those years. It is more important that they should

have the money than that the colleges should get it back.

Another thing Mr. Rockefeller did not speak of—he did not tell how great an expense it is to be a college graduate or a graduate of an ambitious private school. He did not mention the incessant demands made by colleges and schools on all their solvent graduates for support and extension, nor the sleepless zeal with which our directors of education practice nowadays to get out of them that balance which he says they owe.

These are evidently years of enormous construction and endowment. An immense work is being done in them for the future. Some time colleges may have to take what they have got and go on with it the best they can, and go without what they cannot have, as all people and all corporations must do at times, or bust. It may not do harm to have the constructive and endowment periods slow down. It may mean a closer consideration of what is worth teaching and what is not worth it. Thrift can be practiced in education to quite as good advantage as in other matters and likely enough the time is near when we shall see it done.



MR. COOLIDGE'S political flier in the Black Hills gets notice even in competition with the other fliers. It seems to be accepted that our President has gone West to find out what is the matter with farming and see what he can do about it.

It is a good errand and very popular out there where he has gone, but it is a question how much it is assisted by putting his daily catch of trout on the front pages of the papers. After Lindbergh and his hops, trout exploits read flat. News items that were good before Lindbergh, read now very much as extracts from the *Antediluvian Herald* read after Noah got aground on Ararat.

RUSSIA is under anxious observation. Poland says not to stir her up; that it would only make things worse by arousing her national spirit. Western Europe would like her please to check the red propaganda, and a group of nations, including France, Germany, Italy and Belgium, are disposed to serve identical notices on her to that effect but don't dare. Meanwhile inquiring minds that want to know what Russia is about are fortunate if they can conduct their researches from outside her boundaries.



OH, my! Must we call him Colonel?

"Colonel" tastes too much of regimentation, and that seems to be the matter with our Army and Navy air forces.

It is true that "Colonel" is a favorite American title and borne by many honored men, but of all contemporary Americans who bear it, the most famous were never in the Army. They are two highly individual men, Colonel Harvey and Colonel House. Neither of them has ever been under the discipline or authority of any military organization. Both are men of original talent, working under orders from what is under their hats.

Lindbergh seems to be another such mind. He is neither refractory nor insubordinate. As an air mail pilot he took orders and carried them out. All the same, he, too, has shown himself an innovator, not content to be a cog in a machine, but naturally impelled to be the very pulse of it.

A colonel's pay for Lindbergh is all right, and, no doubt, a colonel's authority, but the title doesn't fit the man.

E. S. Martin.



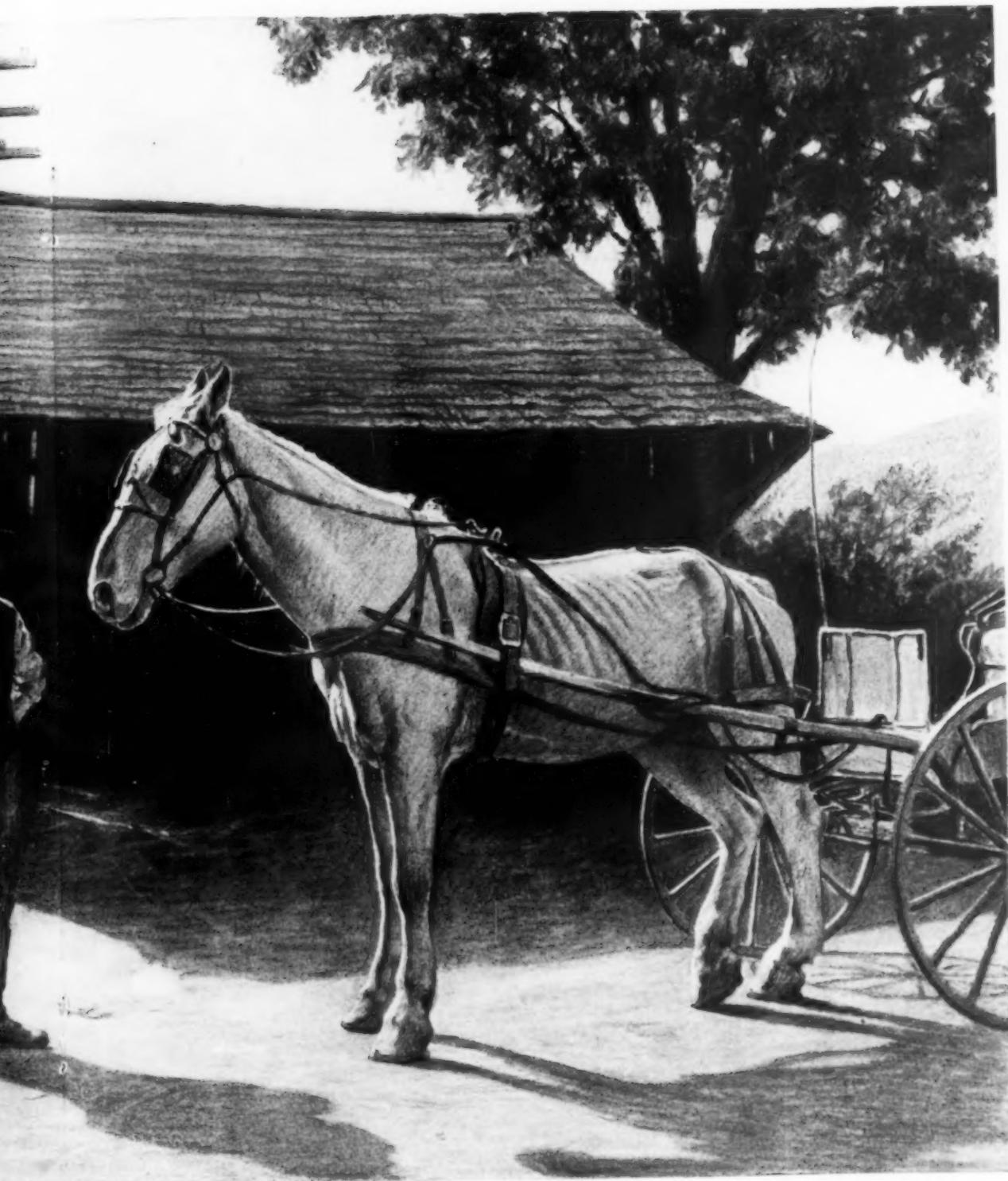
The German War Dog: They won't even let me growl!

Lif



Home from

Life



from Hollywood

Life

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Barker. *Billmore*—Members of a tent-show company in the throes of love, hate, jealousy and other emotional ailments. Walter Huston heads the cast, and a general good time may be had.

Crime. *Times Square*—Showing the way our better-hearted crooks work. Fairly obvious stuff with the exception of one highly exciting scene which makes up for everything else.

The Ladder. *Cort*—They have stopped giving the weekly prize of \$500 for the best essay written on the subject of this play. Why give it away when you can lose that amount on the production by just giving an extra performance each week?

The Mystery Ship. *Bayes*—Nautical goings-on which would be spooky if they were better handled. As it is, you needn't give it another thought.

The Silver Cord. *John Golden*—Laura Hope Crews in a highly interesting study of pathological Mother-Love.

The Spider. *Music Box*—Murder mystery involving every one present. Should be seen.

The Squall. *Forty-Eighth St.*—The only sex play to survive the season, and one which could easily have been spared long ago.

The Thief. *Ritz*—Alice Brady and Lionel Atwill in a revival of that workmanlike drama of Bernstein's.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Are we, the drama-lovers of America, going to sit idly by and let this great epic of the People die for lack of patronage? Write your Congressman to-day and send contributions to the "Save Abie's Irish Rose" Fund to this office—in new bills, if possible.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—If it is good, exciting,

well-acted entertainment you want, you need look no farther than this.

The Constant Wife. *Maxine Elliott's*—Some amusing parlor banter by Maugham given distinction by Ethel Barrymore.

Her Cardboard Lover. *Empire*—Several conventional French situations, only occasionally funny, which are not helped by Jeanne Eagels so much as by Leslie Howard.

Lombardi, Ltd. *George M. Cohan*—Leo Carrillo in a revival of his old success.

The Play's the Thing. *Henry Miller's*—Hobrook Blinn and a good company in something light by Molnar which is at times very funny and at other times just bawdy.

The Road to Rome. *Playhouse*—An amazingly free adaptation of historical data, showing just why *Hannibal* (Philip Merivale) decided not to sack Rome. Jane Cowl offers one very charming reason—among other things.

Saturday's Children. *Booth*—A very nice comedy indeed, containing not a little wisdom, and Ruth Gordon.

The Second Man. *Guild*—Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Margalo Gillmore and Earle Larimore in some of the highest-class light comedy of the season.

Tommy. *Erlinge*—The youngsters and their elders pleasantly mixed up in affairs of no importance at all.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Bare Facts of 1927. *Triangle*—To be reviewed next week—maybe.

The Circus Princess. *Winter Garden*—A dandy big show, with lots of lights and noise, and such experienced clowns as "Poodles" Hannaford, George Hassell and George Bickel.

The Desert Song. *Casino*—Eddie Buzzell in a great deal of trouble with some Riffs—and some good tunes.

Grand Street Follies. *Little*—The erstwhile Neighborhood Players, with their excellent imitations of Broadway stars, in successful migration uptown.

Hit the Deck. *Belasco*—Containing the two song hits of the summer and some good comedy. Louise Groody, Charles King and Stella Mayhew.

Honeymoon Lane. *Knickerbocker*—Although lightly esteemed at first, this show of Eddie Dowling's has turned out to be pleasing to a great many people with the price of admission. Florence O'Denishawn's dancing would be worth that anyway.

The Manhatters. *Grove St.*—Another one of those downtown revues, which may be reviewed later and may not. It hasn't opened as we write this.

Merry-Go-Round. *Klaw*—With William Collier and Marie Cahill—and now Don Barclay—there is no reason why this shouldn't be better than it was at the opening. It probably is.

A Night in Spain. *Forty-Fourth St.*—For one thing, this has Phil Baker. For another, Ted Healy. Not much else matters these summer evenings.

Oh, Ernest! *Earl Carroll*—Still at the bottom of the list.

Padlocks of 1927. *Shubert*—If this ever comes to town, it will be reviewed next week.

Peggy-Ann. *Vanderbilt*—One of the best of the past season, with as good music and cracks as you will hear anywhere, sung and cracked by Helen Ford and Lulu McConnell.

Queen High. *Ambassador*—Frank McIntyre and Charles Ruggles have been going so long in this that it must seem like home to them by now. It, too, has pleasant tunes.

Rio Rita. *Ziegfeld*—A *de luxe* production, easy to look at, with occasional laughs—thanks to Ada May, Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler.

Talk About Girls. *Waldorf*—A moderately satisfactory summer show, with Andrew Tombes making comedy enough for a better one.





Add Folk Plays

THE past few weeks have belonged to the amateur rather than to the professional in what, for lack of a longer term, we will call Our National Theatre.

Broadway may have been dark, but our schools and colleges have been a-buzz with exclamations of parental pride mingled with the murmurings of the prompter, as the actors and actresses of the Little Theatre of To-morrow creaked back and forth across the temporary stages and made believe they were somebody else.

These performances have ranged in ambition from outdoor Greek drama (at times a bit hurried in tempo because of the rumble threat of a shower in the offing) to class-reunion shows "worked up" late in the afternoon before the performance. Of the two, the latter type is easier to watch.

In these informal productions there is less strain on the actors, whose only concern is to keep upright and on the stage. And, as in any theatrical performance, professional or otherwise, the less strain there is on the actors, the easier it is for the audience.



ALTHOUGH these strange folk-plays performed at class reunions appear in no manuscript form to speak of, a transcript of the proceedings (taken down by a broad-minded male stenographer) might read, in part, as follows:

ACT 2

(Act 1 having been omitted owing to the non-appearance of five of the principals. These appear somewhat later and insist on giving their act on the veranda while Act 2 is still in progress. Their audience is recruited in large blocs from the main auditorium.)

Entrance of a fair proportion of the cast, in reunion costume, with some attempt at rhythmic movement to the tune of "Hallelujah"! The lyric, as picked out by watching the lips of the more capable singers, seems to be: "Hallelu-jah! Hallelu-jah! Here we are, Big 1912. (Repeat)

Nobody something something something,
But you can't something, something, something,
Hallelu-jah! Hallelu-jah! Here we are, Big 1912!"

Apparent end of song, although several die-hards continue for another line or two, amid thunderous applause. A conference of principals is then held and it is decided to give in to the popular demand and sing the whole number again, with repeats. At the conclusion of this, in spite of vociferous demands from sections of the audience for more, the dialogue is launched:

1ST CITIZEN: Well, well, what ever became of George Wisser?

VOICE FROM AUDIENCE: Yeah! Wisser!

2ND VOICE FROM AUDIENCE: He went to Princeton!

ENTIRE AUDIENCE: Yeah—Princeton!

1ST CITIZEN (addressing audience personally): He couldn't go to Princeton, he didn't have a signet ring. (Entirely extemporaneous line but very popular.)

2ND CITIZEN (with some idea of getting along with the show): Well, Eddie, what did become of George Wisser?

GEORGE WISSEr (from audience): Here I am! Fast asleep!

(At this, pandemonium breaks loose, and, encouraged by cries of "We want Wisser!" Mr. Wisser climbs up on the stage and joins the cast.)

3RD CITIZEN: Why, hello, George! Want to be in the show?

GEORGE WISSEr (suddenly disgusted with the whole thing): No! (Climbs down and goes back to his seat.)

At this point some one, dressed for no reason at all to represent President Lowell of Harvard, arises and announces that there will now be a song by Arthur Welson entitled: "If I Send My Son to the Dental School, Will a Gold-Digger Teach the Class?" This is met by a storm of disapproval, and Arthur Welson is never heard, chiefly because of cries of "Louder!"



AT this point the entire entertainment is taken over by the audience for a period of about ten minutes. Six or seven members climb up on the stage and three or four of the cast visit with cronies in the audience. "Hallelujah!" is sung several times and one or two announcements are made, preceded by much banging for order.

Finally, one of the class marshals makes himself heard to the following extent:

CLASS MARSHAL: Come on, now, fellows! Tony and the rest have worked hard on this show and are trying to do something for the class. The least we can do is to sit still and be quiet. Everybody back in his seat, now!

There is general cheering at this and several of the more earnest classmates take their seats. The rest mill about at random. In the meantime, the show has been begun again, starting with the entrance of the chorus singing "Hallelujah!"

This goes on for some time.

CURTAIN.

Robert Benchley.

PRIZE WINNERS



ALIBI NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE

The Office Force (in chorus):
WELL, ED, WHERE DID YOU COLLECT
THAT BLACK EYE?

Ed: WELL, YOU SEE, IT WAS THIS
WAY... I was looking at the eclipse
of the moon through a telescope
and the image stuck.

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of \$50.00, was submitted by

EDWARD A. ADLER, JR.,
1086 University Place,
Schenectady, New York.

Although only five second prizes are announced in this Contest, the Judges decided that nine answers were worthy of prizes—and awards of \$10.00 each are therefore made to the following:

R. COLLINS, Montreal, Canada, for the Alibi: "I ran against the end of a limb."

GENEVIEVE DYER, New York City, for the Alibi: "Closed on account of altercations."

MRS. RALPH W. FLINT, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for the Alibi: "You know the big blonde down the street whose husband is in China—well, he isn't."

C. J. SCHMAUSS, Forest Hills, Long Island, for the Alibi: "I was tying my girl's shoelace last night and her garter snapped."

JEROME LEWIS FRIER, New York, for the Alibi: "I stooped to lace the wife's shoe and her garter snapped."

ROBERT W. FUNK, Reynoldsburg, Ohio, for the Alibi: "I met a fellow with a black eye and asked him where he got it. Do you want me to give you his answer?"

(Continued on page 35)

ALIBI CONTEST

Conditions of the Contest on page 35

\$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

WHEN we started the ALIBI CONTEST, we expected to run it for ten weeks. Our readers, however, refused to allow us to stop there. The Thirtieth Alibi is accordingly presented below.

A thoroughly pathetic situation is depicted. The angry traveler who wanted to get off at Memphis is saying a few things to the porter who neglected to call him in time.

The porter has to think up an Alibi, or excuse, which will appease the passenger's wrath. Otherwise, the poor porter will get no tip.

Can you come to his assistance, and supply him with an Alibi which will enable him to collect his fifty cents? If you can do it well

enough, it will be worth fifty dollars to you.

Six cash prizes are awarded each week. Sometimes, the generous judges hand out more—as you will observe by looking over the winners of Alibi Number Twenty-Five.

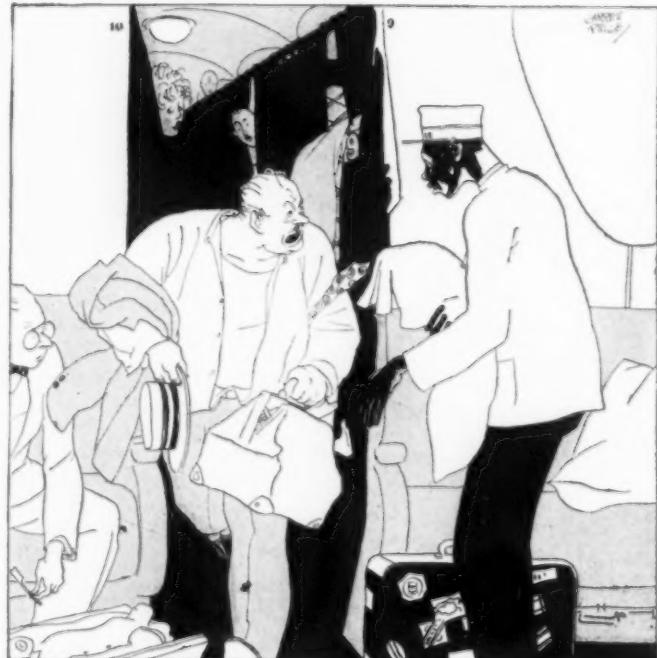
The regular prizes are as follows:

First Prize, \$50.00
Five Second Prizes of
\$10.00 each

ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-ONE will be published in LIFE next week, with a new set of prizes offered.

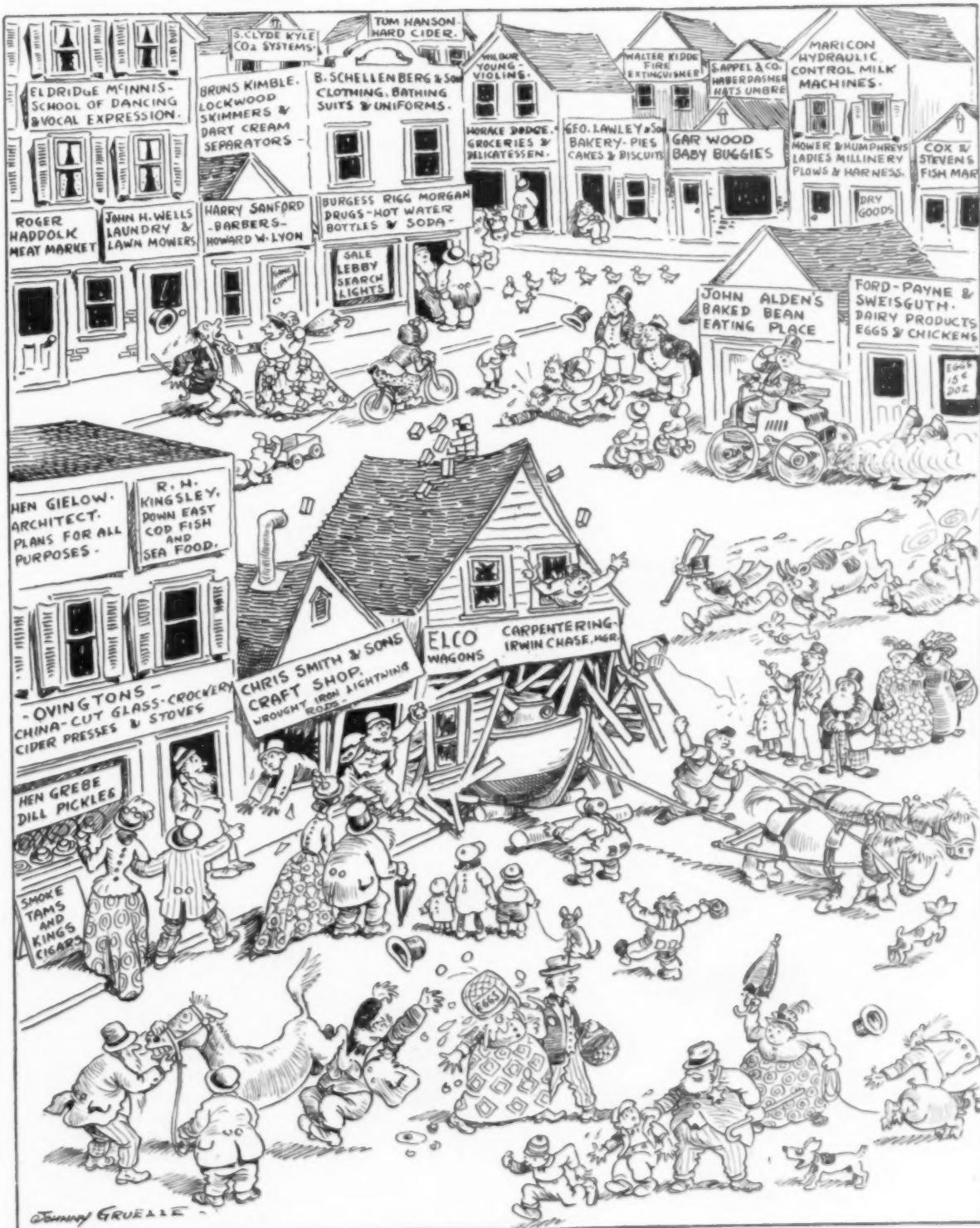
Read the conditions carefully—and go to it!

ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY

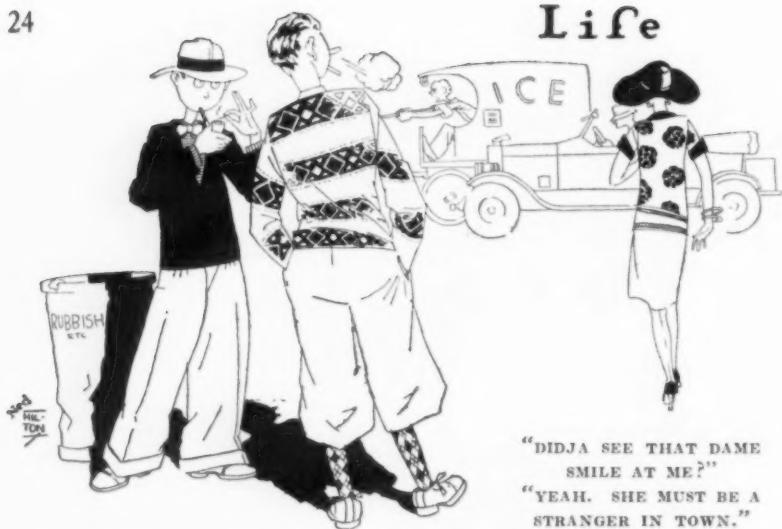


Passenger: I TOLD YOU TO CALL ME BEFORE WE GOT TO
MEMPHIS—AND WE'RE PULLING OUT OF MEMPHIS NOW.
WHAT'S THE IDEA?

Porter: WELL, SAH, YOU SEE, IT WAS DIS WAY...



Yahoo Center
Commodore Irwin Chase Launches His New Boat



"To Hold, as 'Twere . . ."

I AM Eternal Enemy to Beauty. Nothing delights me more than to shatter a lover's illusions as to his idol's loveliness.

Show me a man handsome, kindly, godlike of aspect and I will reveal to you a sorry, vicious, deformed thing.

I know that all men harbor in their hearts criminal lusts and evil bents that are mirrored plain if one but seek them.

What is held fair I instinctively recognize as foul.

Beneath the surface gladness of each optimist I behold lurking the bitter despair of the pessimist.

I look at Jekyll—but I see only Hyde.

Nay, I am not the Evil One.

I am a passport photographer.

L. C. Beutel.

LifE

"DIDJA SEE THAT DAME
SMILE AT ME?"
"YEAH. SHE MUST BE A
STRANGER IN TOWN."

Polyglot

IMAGINE my surprise when Phil answered the shopkeeper in perfect Portuguese.

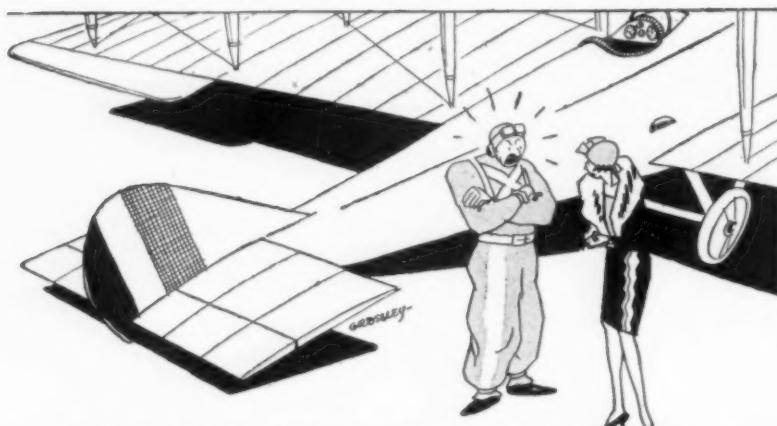
"Why, Phil!" I exclaimed in astonishment. "I didn't know you spoke Portuguese. When and how did you learn?"

"Oh, it's easy," protested my friend. "Any one can learn. I also speak German, Polish, Spanish, Hebrew, Italian, Russian, Rumanian and Swedish. You see, my Aunt Matilda is a patent medicine addict and I study the sheets of instructions."

Small Change

MURIEL: Cora's sure a piker, isn't she?

WANDA: Yes, she's just a silver-digger.



She: How's chances to take me to Paris to-morrow morning?

He: Paris! Say—what makes you think . . .

She: Oh—don't worry. I'll bring along my own sandwiches.

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

Spellbound!

THREE rousing cheers!

The season's first non-stop flight from the slums to something very near heaven has been accomplished.

In other words—

LIFE's two glorious Camps for the neglected, city-weary little denizens of New York's Lower East Side are open once again, and the advance guard from the tenements—four hundred strong—are this very day sampling the almost unbelievable joys of country and camp life.

Forgotten for a while are the evil-smelling streets and houses, the teeming, scorching alleyways, and the squalid days and nights. For eighteen lovely days these underprivileged little boys and girls will sleep in airy dormitories and big tents; for eighteen days they will play in wide meadows, safe waters and along shady roads. For eighteen days their undernourished little bodies will know the wonder of scientific care and health-building food and exercise. Their timid hearts, also, and their untrained and often twisted childish minds will meet a wonderful friendship and counsellorship as thirsty fields meet a cooling shower.

And it is this sort of thing that the Camps aim to accomplish in so brief a time that it is all little short of a miracle.

Each child's vacation at one of LIFE's Camps lasts, as you know, eighteen days. Eighteen days, when so much is to be done, are very like eighteen minutes. But wonders are achieved. That is why you so generously support this work. That is why your purses and hearts spill over and you rush to mail us a check, so that—at any cost to yourselves—we may continue this stupendous work and give happiness and health to these tragic little fellow creatures.

And after the eighteen days are over, the little boy or the little girl goes back to the city and the next pallid little army of four hundred country-hungry youngsters comes to us. So it goes on, from now until September. (Please turn to page 28)

A Gradual Let-Down

MANY of the drivers of London buses, says an English paper, own small cars and motorcycles and get relaxation from handling buses by piloting the smaller vehicles in their leisure time.

In the same way it is easy to understand the benefits derived by, say, the husband of a mother of six in taking a bride of a month to tea, or the captain of the *Leviathan* rowing a hired boat about Central Park, or the operator of a steam shovel digging in the children's sand box with a tin shovel and pail, or an amateur marathon enthusiast running to and from business every day, or a wholesale florist picking daisies in an empty lot, or a big bootlegger negotiating a glass of beer in a strange speakeasy, or a bank

teller matching pennies, or a big game hunter shooting flies with a rubber band, or a mail clerk playing post-office, or a high diver jumping off curbstones, or an explorer searching for funny names in the phone book, or an astronomer looking at germs through a reducing-glass.

Or writing a piece like this.

H. W. H.



The Prospects Good

Ethel: AND DO YOU THINK HE WILL LOVE ME EVEN MORE WHEN WE ARE MARRIED?

Mabel: OH, SURE! WHY, HE IS JUST CRAZY ABOUT MARRIED WOMEN, MY DEAR.

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS



"MY dear, I'm on the VERGE of colLAPSE—I mean I am HONestly WHIPPED down to a NUB at this point, no less, because I sort of WENT to these FOUL BOAT races at New LONDON with Tom DRIBBle, my dear, and it was SIMply GHASTLY because we sort of arRIVED for this odd DANCE that they always have at the GRISwold the night beFORE and, my dear, it was SIMply WILD because I mean practicably EVERbody was PLUSHED to the SCUPpers all the entire time, and I mean Tom sort of disPEARED mysTERiously all of a SUDDen and sort of left me at the MERey of this RAUcous crowd because I mean he passed OUT or something all of a SUDDen, my dear, and I was SIMply RIPPING. But ANYways, my dear, it was TERribly FUNny because I sort of FOUND myself about THREE G. M. the next MORNING sort of sitting CASurally on this odd YACHT in the THAMES chanting 'BOOla, BULLdog,' or whatever that odd YALE ditty is, comPLETely surROUNDED by HARvard men, my dear—can you BEAR it? Well, ANYways, practically NObody knew how we had GOT there or anything and it was SIMPLY SCREAMing because nobody knew anybody ELSE, my dear, and we sort of all had BREAKfast at the GRISwold and when TOM appeared on the scene again I was going to the RACES with at least THREE different HARvard men on BOTH obserVATION trains—ACTually, my dear, CAN you BEAR it? I mean I HONestly think it's the FUNniest thing I've ever KNOWN, my dear—I mean I ACTually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

The Lindbergh Influence

"IS it a tough job?" the plumber was asked.

"Naw," said he, "we ought to get it done in two-three hours."

"We? You and your assistant?"

"Me and me assistant, hell!" answered the plumber. "Me and me wrench!"

And he went back to his shop for it.

The SILENT DRAMA



"The Unknown"

AFTER years of watching Lon Chaney in all manner of rôles, I ought not to be unduly upset by any disguise or mannerism that he may adopt. I saw him over and over again as *Quasimodo*, the *Hunchback*; as *The Frog* in "The Miracle Man" and as what's-his-name, the operatic Phantom; but it is in "The Unknown," his latest picture, that Mr. Chaney afflicts me for the first time with a real sense of horror and repulsion.

I can stand twisted spines, gnarled teeth, leprous hands and other miracles of make-up—but very close close-ups of toes don't seem to set well with me. I want to look the other way.

IN "The Unknown," Mr. Chaney appears as an armless wonder—or rather, he isn't armless at all; in fact, he has two arms and three thumbs. Anyway, he pretends to be armless, and does everything with

his feet. He even holds cigarettes between his toes and flicks the ashes off...I can't even tell about it.

Throughout "The Unknown," the spectator's attention is, or should be, divided about equally between Mr. Chaney's toes and Miss Joan Crawford's stomach. I personally recommend the latter as considerably more worthwhile as a medium of entertainment.

THE UNKNOWN was written and directed by Tod Browning, who again shows that he has imagination and skill in unusual quantities. The picture is exceptionally well done—the background, the costumes, the lights and the shadows all being admirably managed.

Whatever may be said in depreciation of its chiropodistic tendencies, "The Unknown" is a real moving picture—something that "Mr. Wu" most emphatically was not. It is Tod Browning, with his fine sense of pictorial values, who makes it so.



"The Missing Link"

SYD CHAPLIN has now gone for two pictures without benefit of skirts, and it seems that the long-deferred interment of "Charlie's Aunt" has at last been accomplished.

"The Missing Link" is similar in spirit and in method to "The Better 'Ole"; it is rough-and-tumble comedy which makes no sense but which is bound to provoke severe storms of loud, coarse, refreshing laughter.

Mr. Chaplin appears, as did Douglas MacLean recently, as a nervous explorer who becomes tangled up with lions, gorillas and other ferocious natives of the Dark Continent. By far the funniest scenes in "The Missing Link" are provided by a pet monkey, who chases the frightened Mr. Chaplin about through several hundred feet of film.

This one episode is apparently the sole reason for the picture's existence—but it is reason enough.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

Vanity. Leatrice Joy as one of those overdressed, overstressed "society" girls who flirt with the flame and get a slight singe with, possibly, an egg shampoo thrown in. A stupid and generally objectionable movie.

The Telephone Girl. This starts out to be another cheap one, but actually achieves the grade of intelligent humor—owing largely to the presence of Holbrook Blinn.

The Secret Studio. Gaudy sensationalism which features just about everything Olive Borden has to offer.

Tillie the Toiler. Glorifying the American Stenographer by means of ill-timed wise-cracks. Marion Davies, with knees attached, is the star.

Lost at the Front. Another of those bum dialect jokes strung out through several reels.

A Million Bid. Dolores Costello in an old drama which has been moderately well disguised with camera angles.

Seventh Heaven. Frank Borzage, the director, and Janet Gaynor, the leading lady, emerge from this with great credit.

Mr. Wu. Why—if it isn't Lon Chaney!

Is Zat So? One of America's greatest comedies made into a fairly amusing movie.

Annie Laurie. Lillian Gish has turned coquettish on us—with disastrous results. The picture itself is all right.

Resurrection. A courageously grim interpretation of Tolstoi, played to the hilt by Dolores Del Rio and directed (also to the hilt) by Edwin Carewe.

Venus of Venice. Constance Talmadge is her old alluring self as a Venetian street-swimmer.

The King of Kings. Another tre-

mendous financial success for Cecil B. De Mille, which isn't quite above criticism so long as the usual box-office prices are being charged.

Camille. Norma Talmadge as the famous Parisian courtesan who should have smoked Lucky Strikes and cured that cough.

ANKLES PREFERRED. Madge Bellamy in one that can be passed up with the greatest ease.

The Rough Riders. The moderately heroic activities of Roosevelt's cowboys in the Spanish War.

When a Man Loves. This seems to be popular, possibly because motion pictures are exhibited in darkened theatres.

Chang; Slide, Kelly, Slide; Stark Love; What Price Glory; Beau Geste; Old Ironsides; The Fire Brigade and The Big Parade. Worthy.



ETHYL GASOLINE

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ETHYL GASOLINE is motor gasoline containing Ethyl brand of anti-knock compound, which was developed by General Motors Research Laboratories. It is sold throughout the United States and Canada by leading oil companies at pumps which display the "ETHYL" trademark.

TRY THIS SUPER-FUEL TODAY

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YOU know it the moment you step aboard a French Liner! Life tilts a more enticing rhythm... Everybody is here—or so it seems...that is just one of the many attractions of the Ile de France, Paris and France...calling at Plymouth, England, a few hours later, Le Havre de Paris...no tenders between you and shore...just another gang-plank—a special boat-train and

PARIS in three hours

Four One-Class Cabin Liners sail direct to Le Havre. The New York-Bordeaux-Vigo service leads to colorful southern France and Spain.

French Line

19 State Street, New York City
Write us or any French Line Agent or

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

(Continued from page 24)

A great-hearted and human work for you all to be doing. But you realize, don't you, that all this can only be accomplished by money? There is no substitute for that when it comes to paying the bills. But altruism and financial support, shoulder to shoulder, is what we beg of you.

Understand and sympathize with these little ones, and then send us something for them. That's the way modern miracles are brought to pass.

Eighteen days at either of LIFE's Camps cost, approximately, \$20 for one child. More money buys more happiness and rosy cheeks for more than one child. Less will be accepted with deep gratitude. If you cannot send money, send toys, games, records, clothing—anything. If you cannot do even that, give us your good will and tell others of the work the Camps are doing. Help push it along, that is the great thing, and join us somehow. We need you.

L. A. F.

LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund

LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation for the past forty years. In that time it has expended \$385,648.79 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 50,071 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions, which are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Balance brought forward.	\$3,539.83
Jack Compton, Charleston, W. Va.	10.00
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Mrs. R. L. Huntzinger, Altadena, Calif.	
Luke C. Doyle, New York	\$25.00
Mrs. John R. Keane, Glendale, Calif.	15.00
"A Friend," New York	5.00
The Edward T. Grady Endowment, Santa Monica, Calif.	10.00
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Mrs. Nea Thiell, Rockford, Ill.	1.06
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In memory of E. R., Salt Lake City, Utah	50.00
Beckman Street Hospital, New York	100.00
From children of Henry Meinhard Memorial Neighborhood House, New York	
L. B. Kenney, Brockton, Mass.	15.00
"Anonymous," New York	10.00
James E. Ament, Forest Glen, Md.	5.00
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Stuyvesant Neighborhood House	232.10
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Myra S. Chickering, Oil City, Pa.	20.00
Charles E. Riley, Boston	5.00
Mrs. C. P. Faller, Harrisburg, Pa.	25.00
Mrs. John Ames Mitchell, New York	10.00
"Gifts and Earnings Fund," Kent Place School, Summit, N. J.	40.00
Louise B. Scott, New York	15.00
	25.00
	\$4,612.26



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20¢
Extremely Mild

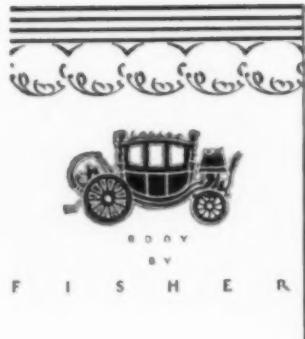


Cinders

in Eyes should be dis-
lodged this soothing way

When you get a cinder in your eye, don't rub. It only makes matters worse. Instead, take a dropperful of soothing, healing *Murine* and thoroughly flush the eye. This will usually remove the offender. *Murine* is guaranteed harmless.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES



From the very first, this has been the Fisher policy:—To build for the few leading motor car manufacturers in America, the finest, most comfortable, most beautiful, and the staunchest bodies in their various price groups. This is the reason why, today, you will find that the favored cars in their respective fields enjoy the important advantage of being equipped with Body by Fisher.

F I S H E R B O D I E S

G E N E R A L M O T O R S



Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



PITIFUL PLIGHT OF THE ARAB WHO SAID HE WAS ENJOYING EXCELLENT HEALTH AND THEN COULDN'T FIND ANY WOOD TO KNOCK ON.

—Harvard Lampoon.

Intercepted

SHE tripped along with fairy feet,
A vision that my heart beguiled,
Bewitching, fragile, roguish, sweet,
And as she came she smiled.

We met.... Alas, the usual fall
O'ertook my pride, the dull and blind.
Her smile was not for me at all,
But some one else behind!

—J. D. B., in *Princeton Tiger*.

But Not So Merrie

From an Eighth Grade examination paper: "In Milton's time England would have been a much purer place if everyone had belonged to the same sex."

—New Yorker.

The Perfect Guest

A PARK AVENUE hostess, who gave a dinner for a friend who had lost his entire family in the sinking of an ocean liner, asked all her guests to avoid the subject of boats and water travel.

One of the guests happened to be an Englishman who had just arrived in New York, and when the situation was explained to him he naturally agreed to refrain from commenting on his sea trip.

After dinner the hostess inquired if any one had asked him about his crossing.

"Yes," he admitted, "but I gave them the impression I flew over."

—*New York Evening World*.

Heh-heh-heh!

THIS is only a story of poetic justice. The other day in the subway at the Times Square Station we saw a subway guard bang a door in a traffic policeman's face.—C. C. N. Y. Mercury.

"MR. DRUGGIST, is this lipstick kiss-proof?"

"Yes, miss. Will you have a test?"

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

THOSE radio photographs had a harder time crossing the ocean than the fliers did.—*New York Sun*.



"WE PHYSICIANS HAVE PLENTY OF ENEMIES IN THIS WORLD."

"IMAGINE, THEN, HOW MANY YOU'LL HAVE IN THE NEXT!"

—Kasper (Stockholm).

What o'Clock, Please?

FROM the Los Angeles Times: "Engineers surveying for a railroad in Northern Turkestan have uncovered the skeleton of a massive saurian that must have passed away 3,000,000 years ago last Friday."—*Literary Digest*.

Our Legislation

THERE are over a million laws in force in the United States, says a daily. If this is so, there must be a great many altogether.—*Punch*.



"LET'S PLAY SWEETHEARTS — COME ON— SAY NICE THINGS TO ME."



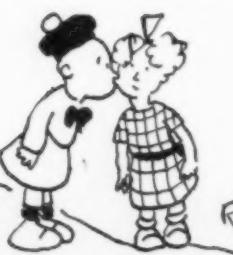
"YOU'RE MY LITTLE DOVEY, MY LITTLE LOVE-BIRD..."



"AH-HI-HI! I'LL LOVE YOU ALL MY LIFE... YOU'RE MY LITTLE HONEY BUNCH..."



"MY LITTLE ADORED ONE... MY LITTLE THIS... THAT..."



"MY DARLING... MY ENCHANTRESS!..."

R. Guérin.



"AW—THIS ISN'T ANY FUN! LET'S PLAY SOMETHING ELSE!"

—*Le Journal Amusant* (Paris).

A Lunatic at Large

"ONE day last winter," said Howard Thurston, the magician, "I sent one of my assistants with my pigeon-catching net to have it repaired—the same net that I used to catch live pigeons among the audience. As the weather was below zero—we were out in Winnipeg—the chap must have been a funny sight, carrying a butterfly net with a six-foot handle through the streets. He had not gone a block before a policeman stopped him.

"What's the big idea?" asked the officer. My assistant was in a playful mood. He held his finger to his lips, looked cautiously about him and replied: 'Shhhh! Don't tell any one. I'm going to catch butterflies.'

"Come with me," said the policeman, gently, "and I'll show you a wonderful place to catch them. Pink ones—gold ones—spotted ones—big ones—"

"My assistant decided to explain matters."

"I was only joking," he laughed. "This net belongs to a magician."

The policeman grabbed his arm.

"Come along with me!" he said. "Now I know you're crazy!"

—*New York Evening World.*



Fortune Teller: YOU ARE ABOUT TO BE DISCOVERED BY A MOVING PICTURE DIRECTOR AND ELEVATED TO STARDOM.
Flapper: BUT THAT'S THE SAME THING YOU TOLD MY FRIEND ROSA.
Fortune Teller: I CAN'T HELP IT. THE YOUNG LADIES WON'T HEAR OF ANYTHING ELSE NOWADAYS.
 —*Fliegende Blätter (Munich).*

Answering the Ad.

ESTATE AGENT (*proposing*): Marry me, darling! I've got a lovely flat; all modern conveniences, near station, two minutes from shops, cheerful situation and—

MODERN MISS (*derisively*): Gee! You make me go h. and e. all over!

—*Gaiety (London).*

Abbott's Bitters, a stomachic, meets every requirement of a tonic. Sample by mail. 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Now for a Job

"I HAVE worked your way through college," declared the thoroughly exasperated parent, "but you'll have to look through the 'help-wanted' ads. in person."—*Detroit News.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE**Consolation**

"THE TREASURE TROVE Diamond Mines office at Lichtenburg was unsuccessfully burgled last night.

"The visitors will spend two days in Johannesburg, and it is proposed that they be entertained to a civic luncheon."

—*South African Paper, quoted by Punch.*

AMERICA's international slogan: "Say it with fliers."—*New York World.*

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The foreign trade supplied from LIFE'S London Office, Rolls House, Breams Buildings, London, E. C. Canadian distributor, The American News Company, Ltd., 386-388 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

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PICKWICK PALE

To speak for himself. As a press agent for Miles Standish he turned out to be a flop, but Pris was sold on his line. There's one thing about PICKWICK—it does speak for itself

PICKWICK ALE and STOUT

The Tang of Good Old Ale

At the better Clubs, Hotels and Restaurants

HAFFENREFERER & CO., Boston

Priscilla had to coax John Alden

Illustration of a boy and a girl in period clothing.

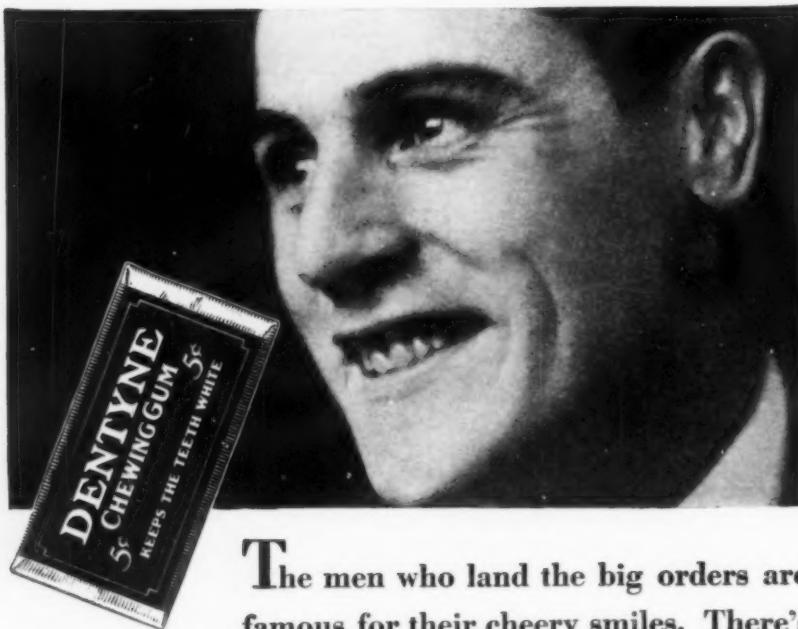
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THE prestige of WETZEL as tailors for gentlemen is recognized throughout the world.

Chew DENTYNE .. and smile!



The men who land the big orders are famous for their cheery smiles. There's nothing like a smile to win your way into the hearts of men. Teeth play a big part. They must be clean and pearly white. Dentyne is a delicious gum that makes smiles more attractive. It keeps teeth snowy white.

• KEEPS THE TEETH WHITE •

The Downtrodden Housewife

LITTLE EDNA: What is leisure, Mamma?

MAMMA: It's the spare time that a woman has in which she can do some other kind of work, my dear.

—*Christian Register.*

STOPS

SEA SICKNESS

—in the roughest waters. This appalling nausea is unnecessary suffering. Mothersill's prevents Travel Sickness on your journeys by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air.

75c & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct.
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York
Paris
Montreal
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25 Years
MOTHERSILL'S
SEASICK
REMEDY
In Use

The Truth

MR. A. DE PINNA, the outfitter, who has bought the barren corner at Fifty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, where once stood, wrapped in Vanderbilt traditions, the residence of Henry A. White, was surveying his newly acquired property in a mood of reverie one recent day, when a stranger, in a similar mood, accosted him.

"Neighbor," said the man, "I recollect when this property was a farm. Why, I buried a dog here once, in those days. And now I read in the paper that it was sold for almost five million dollars."

"Yes," said the new owner, with a smile, "I bought it."

The stranger was obviously hurt.

"But what I'm telling you," he said, "is the truth." —*New Yorker.*

"Why not dance on your way to Boston?" asks a steamship company. Well, why not? But a person interested in making the most of his time would prefer to read on the way to Boston.

—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Morning

(Continued from page 9)

You know, when people start a lot of stories about my kissing a horse, it sounds as if I must have been tight or something. The Drunken Poet: or, Through the Gutter with the Girl Milne. And I didn't even have a cocktail. I couldn't drink their old cocktails. Let them keep their old cocktails. Let them give them to the Department of Plant and Structures.

Why isn't it the Department of Plant and *Structure*, then? Why don't they make up their minds, one way or the other? Trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds, that's what they're trying to do. That's what makes me sick. That's enough to take the heart out of anybody. What's the use of trying, when there are things like that going on right in this city? I'd be a fool if I ever got out of this bed.

Department of Plant and Structures! I wish I'd died in the night.

After-Dinner Chat

NOTHING spoils a tête-à-tête chat between two newly made friends more than a disposition towards reticence on the part of the senior of the pair; and it was fortunate therefore that, by the time he found himself seated opposite to George in his study, the heady influence of Zane Grey and the rather generous potations in which he had indulged during dinner had brought Sigsbee H. Waddington to quite a reasonably communicative mood. He had reached the stage where men talk disparagingly about their wives. He rapped George on the knee, informed him three times that he liked his face, and began:

"You married, Winch?"

"Finch," said George.

"How do you mean, Finch?" asked Mr. Waddington, puzzled.

"My name is Finch."

"What of it?"

"You called me Winch."

"Why?"

"I think you thought it was my name."

"What was?"

"Winch."

"You said just now it was Finch."

"Yes, it is. I was saying..."

Mr. Waddington tapped him on the knee once more.

"Young man," he said, "pull yourself together. If your name is Finch why pretend that it is Winch? I don't like this shiftiness. It does not come well from a Westerner...If your name is Pinch admit it like a man."

—From "The Small Bachelor," by P. G. Wodehouse (Doran).

The People's Theatre

THE outstanding lesson of the theatre ticket revelations in New York is that the ideal theatre auditorium should consist of only the first twelve rows and sixteen aisles.—*New York Times.*

From the Never-Never Land

The great debate between the strong-lunged Senator and the equally strong-lunged college President on the wet and dry question had come to a close.

The Senator who had espoused the dry cause arose and thus addressed the audience:

"My able opponent has convinced me I am in the wrong, and from this time on I am for the wets."

Then arose the college professor who had so ably presented the cause of the thirsty.

"And I," said he, "have been so thoroughly convinced of the error of my way by my worthy opponent, the Senator, that henceforth I shall champion the cause of the drys."

And so the debate went on *ad infinitum*.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

Overstudy

SANDY JUNIOR: Ye promised to gie me saxpence if I was top boy at school. I've been top boy for two weeks running.

SANDY SENIOR (reluctantly): Well, here's a shilling, but ye must give up studying so hard—it's not good for ye!

—*Passing Show (London)*.



Why 4 out of 5 make this great sacrifice

Pyorrhea continues to wage a victorious war, undermining health and youth, disfiguring the features of the face, often causing such ills as rheumatism, anemia and stomach troubles. And 4 persons out of 5 past 40 (many younger) surrender to this enemy.

You can provide protection against Pyorrhea. Just go to your dentist for an examination at least twice a year and start using Forhan's for the Gums.

This dentifrice contains Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. When used regularly, it thwarts Pyorrhea or checks its course if used in time. It firms the gum tissue and protects teeth against acids which cause decay.

Keep your gums strong and healthy. Keep your teeth white and free from decay. Use Forhan's. Its taste is pleasant and refreshing. Teach your children to use it. It is health insurance. At all druggists—35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums
MORE THAN A TOOTH PASTE
. IT CHECKS PYORRHEA

IT'S WHAT THE YOUNGER CROWD THINKS ABOUT IT!

N

**O W the whole world
talks the language of this
younger generation, follows
their fashions, plays their
flashing games—and obviously
takes their opinion on tobacco
matters very seriously, for
the younger set's most favored
brand is the largest selling
quality cigarette in the world!**

FATIMA



What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!

Next Week—

"The Call of the Wild"

The last cover design by the late COLES PHILLIPS—together with a double-page spread of several of this remarkable artist's most famous paintings for LIFE.

Cartoons and text by ELLISON HOOVER, ROBERT BENCHLEY, JOHN HELD, JR., RUSSELL PATTERSON, LLOYD MAYER, ROBERT E. SHERWOOD—and a new ALIBI picture for Contest addicts.

Coming—

the WEEK-END NUMBER—a hilarious house-party—with a cover by GARRETT PRICE, cartoons by GLUYAS WILLIAMS and R. V. CULTER, and another delightfully whimsical little essay by DOROTHY PARKER.

Also Coming—

the TOURISTS', FEMININE and other special numbers with covers by JOHN HELD, JR., JOHN LAGATTA, RUSSELL PATTERSON, CHARLES BAS-KERVILLE and MCCLELLAND BARCLAY.



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Resinol



AVEZ VOUS
SOIF M'SIEU ?

"Here is la supreme remede for thirst, M'sieu—Vermouth Mouquin with orange juice, cracked ice and—whatever you have, eh? . . ."

Mouquin's VERMOUTH

makes "what you have" last longer—and taste better, too. Made as of old—but with five ounces of pure alcohol removed from each bottle for use in this country.

French style (dry) or Italian (sweet). At quality grocers everywhere or—see what the coupon below says.



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INC.
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Send This Coupon With 25¢
and get by return mail:
1. "Mr. Mouquin's Personal Recipe Book."
2. A Discount Certificate that saves 25¢ when you buy a quart at your dealer's.
3. Sample bottle Mouquin's Vermouth. Check, if you wish;—Italian (sweet) or French (dry).

Name
Address
Dealer's Name L 7-7

Mrs. Pep's Diary (Continued from page 12)

Dinner this night *en famille*, and we did think up this and that law which we should like to have passed, deciding the best one to be a statute prohibiting mustard pickle manufacturers from putting up anything but cauliflower.

June 15th The telephone a-ringing early, and it was Lucy Steen wanting me to go motoring in the country, but I would not, for that Lucy does point out things along the way, and call my attention to this tree and that bluebird until I am well-nigh distraught. And this does bring me to something which I should like to set down on the subject of nature in general, to the effect that I am capable of appreciating a magnificent view as well as the next one and without having it first pointed out to me, and I do take just as great pleasure in gardens as if I knew the Latin names of everything planted therein and the length of time and weather conditions most expedient for development, but when it comes to the "flower in the crannied wall" angle, then am I to be counted out, and I have always held that Wordsworth was a little hard on Peter Bell through insinuating that a primrose by the river's brim should have been considerably more to him than exactly what it was. This day spent in putting my house in order against the arrival of summer, a dreary business, and then for dinner to the Bannings', where they had a diversion called Guggenheim, a game like to the old "Categories," and Sam did cause considerable mirthful astonishment whilst doing the word "Wheat" by listing Ganna Walska as the opera singer for its W.

Baird Leonard.

The Lindbergh Cartoon

Charles Dana Gibson's beautiful cartoon, "Our Boy," with Oliver Herford's inspiring poem, was published in the June 16th issue of LIFE. Since then we have received many requests for copies of this cartoon from admirers of Colonel Lindbergh (as who isn't?). We have accordingly made special reproductions of the cartoon and verse, on handsome paper, suitable for framing.

These may be obtained, for fifty cents apiece, by mail order from LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City.

A Pipe Smoker in Australia Speaks Up

It cannot help but give us a thrill to have someone on the other side of the world write to us in the same pipe-smoker's language that we hear at home.

Hear what the gentleman in South Australia says:

Mount Barker Road
or Crafers P. O.
Sterling West
South Australia
November 18, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

Having been a smoker for the past twenty-six years I have never come across any tobacco to compare with your Edgeworth. It is a pleasure to smoke, does not affect the health in any way whatsoever, and is most cooling and tasty to the palate.

Everyone I come in conversation with that is a smoker, I always introduce your Edgeworth and if possible offer them a pipe.

Once more I say it is a tobacco fit for anyone to smoke.

Yours faithfully,
W. A. Jones

Pipe smokers prefer Edgeworth for various reasons. Some like it because its quality never changes. Some like it because of its flavor. Others smoke it because they can buy it wherever and whenever they like. Perhaps after you try Edgeworth you will discover still another reason for the popularity of this tobacco.

To those who have never tried Edgeworth we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to

Larus & Brother Company, 16 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.]

Alibi Contest Prize Winners

(Continued from page 22)

FRANCES A. GOLDMAN, New York City, for the Alibi: "I walked into a door—and it was the wrong door!"

HAROLD B. SMITH, Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania, for the Alibi: "In the five years since he was married Jack seems to have forgotten that he told me I could kiss the bride."

MRS. C. O. STILL, Florence, South Carolina, for the Alibi: "I told the old grouch next door that I thought his wife was easy to look at and he said he'd make it harder."

Conditions of the Great Alibi Contest

Each week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked "ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY."

The first prize of \$50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most ingenious conclusion to the sentence which starts, "Well, you see, it's this way...." Five second prizes of



Semi-Weekly Sailings between Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo
A sight seeing cruise De Luxe of over 2200 miles on Lakes Michigan, Huron, Saint Claire, Erie, and **Georgian Bay**. Visit historic Mackinac Island, buy souvenirs from the Indians at Parry Sound, Can., take sight-seeing bus at Detroit and Chicago, spend a day at Niagara Falls—world's greatest cataract.

The Big Oil-Burning White Liners

North American and South American

offer you an experience similar to that of an ocean voyage—comfortable berths or parlor rooms—all outside rooms with windows or port holes. Excellent meals daintily served. Rest in quiet on observation deck or join in the gaiety as you prefer. Music, Dancing, Entertainments, Games and a Social Hostess to introduce you. A voyage of invigoration, recreation and education combined, a different kind of vacation.

Ask for illustrated pamphlet at any Railway Ticket Office or Tourist Agency or write

Chicago, Duluth & Georgian Bay Transit Company

W. H. BLACK, G. P. A. W. E. BROWN, Gen'l Apt.
110 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill. 13 S. Division St., Buffalo, N. Y.



EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When the hard-boiled traffic cop bawls you out . . . be nonchalant . . . light a MURAD CIGARETTE

MURAD

For those who feel entitled
to life's better things

© 1927, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

\$10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the

paper. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant's name and address. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY must reach LIFE's office before 12 noon on July 21, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of August 11, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition in the Contest.

\$30,000 in Cash Prizes

Find Six Keys to the popularity of Coca-Cola

Through a national survey the public has given us six outstanding reasons why everybody likes Coca-Cola. They are being illustrated and presented in Coca-Cola advertising between the first week in May and the middle of August—in many newspapers and in each of the following weeklies (one "key" to each advertisement): The Saturday Evening Post, Literary Digest, Liberty, Collier's Weekly, and Life—in posters and outdoor signs throughout the country, and in the show window displays and the soda fountain and refreshment stand decorations of the many thousands of places that serve Coca-Cola.

You'll find one of the "keys" in the advertisement on the opposite page. Three have already appeared. Check back and find them if you missed them. All will be easy to find—if you keep your eyes open to Coca-Cola advertising.

Just three things to do:

- 1 Find and write down the "six keys" and tell where you found each one.*
- 2 Pick out the one key that appeals to you most and tell in one paragraph why it is a good reason for the popularity of Coca-Cola.
- 3 Then write an answer (in one paragraph) to this question: Other than magazine and newspaper advertisements, what Coca-Cola advertisement (a wall, poster, red sign or any one of the various pieces used to decorate show windows, soda fountains and refreshment stands) best illustrates or presents to you one or more of the "six keys"? Tell why—and also where you saw the advertisement.

For the correct naming of the "six keys" and the best answers to the two questions, the following cash prizes will be awarded:

1st prize	\$10,000
2nd prize	5,000
3rd prize	2,500
4th prize	1,000
5th prize	500
10 sixth prizes (each)	100
20 seventh prizes (each)	50
200 eighth prizes (each)	25
400 ninth prizes (each)	10

A total of 635 prizes \$30,000

RULES

*Do not mail any entry before the first week in August. You must see all "six keys" before you can write correct answers, and the final "key" will not appear until then. Contest closes August 25, 1927. All entries must be mailed by midnight of August 25, 1927. The contest is open to everybody except those connected with The Coca-Cola Company, a Coca-Cola bottling company, or their families. Write on only one side of paper. Use typewriter, pen or pencil, but please write plainly. Write your name, occupation and address plainly at the top of the first page of your entry. Prizes will be awarded strictly on merit, including the correctness, neatness and clearness of your answers. All answers become the property of The Coca-Cola Company and may be used in advertising or otherwise. None will be returned.

Address all answers to CONTEST JUDGES

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Announcement of the winners and awarding of the prizes will be made as soon after the close of the contest as the judges can complete their work.

The judges will be three former Presidents of the International Advertising Association (formerly Associated Advertising Clubs of the World) and the President of the Coca-Cola Bottlers' Association, and their awards shall be final.

Lessons in New Yorkese

On the Bus

"HEY lady yafare." "Pommey cadductir wasyou addressimme wasyou?"

"Isez yafare lady gimme yafare."

"Wellovalla noive howdastyou addressimme innat tona verce? Iva good minetatake yanummer."

"Takemenummer whate allayou gotta takeme nummer?"

"Ishowya whacall Igotta takeya nummer. Idalikea tona yaverce. Youwainta gemmen. Cha speak tamme lika gemmen?"

"You speaktame lika lady and Ill speak tayou likea gemmen."

"Iyaint makin no boggins withno bus cadductirs. You leamy alone now or Ill takeya nummer."

"Awright take menummer. Ibinnonis bus fafour years anninevva had notroubbil. Igotta waw rekkid swattagot a waw rekkid. AnnIm gonna ast fawitness. Gemmen wiyou bea witness? Lady wiyou bea witness? Gemmen wiyou bea witness? Yahoid whattasaid wenshe comein. Isez lady yafare pleeze." "Yanevva says pleeze."

"Ididtoo Iyawlwaze sez pleeze."

"Yadid not. Thaminnit Isteps onabus yahollers fare amme lika bighorse asumpin."

"Donchoo go callin me abighorse. Youwaint gonno call to go callin me

abighorse. Iyasta fayafare diddin?"

"Soitintly swattIm abjectin to."

"Welllady yacant abject tamme astin fayafare. Smee bizniss aintit?"

"Wellyouwaint gonno bizniss astin ferrit innat tona verce."

"Lady ayou gonna temme howta rumme bizniss? Maybe yadlike tagowup andriva bus fatha driva."

"Nowlissen Idawannomorea this Ihaddanuff now stoppit."

"WellIdawannomore ovvit meself. Sowell callit quits see. Itsquits."

"Awritetits squits. Buttl just wanna say wutthing more cadductir."

"Whattisit lady?"

"You dontwant nevata use atinsolint tona verce tame again!"

Henry William Hanemann.

Used Car Dealer

WHAT a hunk of tin! What a sap this guy would be to pay real money for it! What a lotta grief he's in for! "My dear sir, it's the chance of a lifetime. The car is in wonderful condition. You'll be astonished at its performance." Wonder if that junk heap'll run long enough for him to get it home? It may—if he's lucky. And if the powdered cork in the rear and the shellac in the motor don't fall out. "That's the greatest model car the Pazoozus Company ever made. Full floating ignition, self-abnegating transmissions, zymotic wrist-pins. And look at the lines of that car! Special coach work by the Glontz Casket Factory. If you spent \$15,000, you couldn't buy a snappier job." I sure hope those tires don't go flat while we're standing here. I hope he doesn't notice that the back seat is missing. I sure gotta talk fast so he won't notice the dents in the fenders. Boy, this is highway robbery! "You'll thank me for selling you this car. You'll never forget me. I'm doing you a great favor. In fact, the car is already sold—to an oil millionaire. But I like your face and I'll give you first chance to make this sterling investment." He's tumbling. The poor goof! He believes me. The sap! "Sign right here, sir. There's plenty of ink in my pen."

Robert Lord.

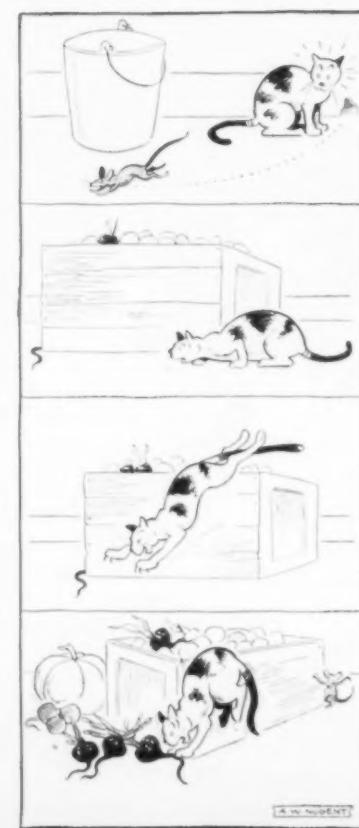
By Request

"You lead the orchestra, sir?" asked the tired business man in the cabaret.

"I do," replied Professor Jazzolo proudly.

"Then would you mind leading them out for a bit of air?"

American Legion Monthly.



\$30,000 in Cash Prizes!



The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

FIVE CENTS !

The dollar is worth less than half what it was in 1886, the year Coca-Cola had its beginning. But through tremendous volume the *nickel* still keeps this pure drink of natural flavors safe for democracy.

See the column on the opposite page for details about this \$30,000 contest

Life



Right to the dot!



Natural tobacco taste, yes-right to the dot! That's why for four years hand-running Chesterfield has been America's fastest growing cigarette.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO